

HOW MIAMI BECAME A SUCCESSFUL VACATION

By Martin Felsenfeld

LA HABRA, CALIF.--It's showcase time on CBS-TV's longtime favorite game show, "The Price is Right." While one contestant was given the chance to bid on his showcase, my father, who was declared as the "top winner" on the pricing games, bid \$7,500 on his that included a trip to Miami, Fla. Johnny Olson, the announcer of the show, exclaimed, "And you'll be taking so-and-so on your trip to.....Miami!" Dad was yelling, "Oh, my goodness!" Olson: "You'll fly your whole family from Los Angeles to Miami via Pan Am Airlines. Pan Am--we fly the world the way the whole world wants to fly." And it so happens that the actual retail price of his showcase was \$8,145, which meant that Dad came within \$645 of the actual price. The other contestant didn't even come close--he was off by at least \$2,000--so Dad wins the trip to Miami!

We did, but that really wasn't how Miami came up in our heads. What did actually happen on March 6 was that we got a phone call from Aunt Beverly and Uncle Ben, and they told us that March 29 would be considered as the best time to fly to the Florida city for the first time ever. Only my Grandma has been there before. And it was totally sweet for this family, because before that, we were burdened with so many problems, including the surprised divorce between my brother Robert and my sister-in-law Ruthie.

After hearing the news that we were going to be flying to Miami, I started to pace back and forth in the kitchen for about 20 minutes, saying to myself, "Oh my gosh! We're going to Miami!" It was to be the best trip we would take since the one we had in 1976, in which of course, we drove all the way to Connecticut.

The next day, Mom went to the American Automobile Assn. office here in La Habra so that she could pick up the 1980 Florida Tour Book. She did that, and I started to look for the best hotels they have listed in the book under "Miami," and Dad started calling the hotels, one by one. We tried such places as Quality Inn, Travel Lodge, and Holiday Inn, but when we finally decided on a quality hotel (and we took a few days to do so), we chose the Ramada Inn located on 7600 Kendall Rd., or something like that. Dad, of course, was always having his problems on where to stay, because it would be the first time that my share of money would have to be paid, too. And to cut down on expenses, his plans were to stay at a friend's house for the entire week, while Grandma and I would sleep at the Ramada Inn.

The following Thursday, just before I went to work, I stopped by at the Quality Inn in Anaheim to pick up a few pamphlets, including the Pan Am/National Airlines schedule and another on Airport Service if we were to go to the Los Angeles Airport on the bus and leave our car at the Disneyland Hotel. In any rate, I started to look at the airline schedule until I found the times that connect between Los Angeles and Miami. My idea, if I was Father, was to fly from L. A. to Miami on Flight #441, a Pan Am 747 Non-Stop, at 12:50 p.m. our time and arrive at 8:15 p.m. their time. Coming home would be 12:45 p.m. from the Miami airport on Flight #43 via National (also a Non-Stop), and it would arrive in Los Angeles at 3:18 p.m. This way, we really wanted to get prepared on the morning of the city in which we would be going to. Dad thought so, too, but he is not the type of guy in which he wants to kill as much time as I do. So he wound up with the first one as correct (we actually got to Miami when we flew on the plane at 8:30 p.m.), but the returning flight as follows: Pan Am 747 Flight #440

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(Non-Stop)--leave 8:45 a.m. and arrive in L. A. at 11:05 a.m. Pretty early time to return home, but as they say, it's a living.

I also thought that to take a bus to the airport was a great idea, too. My dad is not a nut on transit busses, but if he were, we would have taken OCTD #41 from the Mobil gas station on La Habra Blvd., and that way we would have easily made it to the Disneyland Hotel that way. (Leave at 9:00 a.m. and arrive at 9:34 a.m., but I didn't have my mind on transit busses to the Hotel, either).

Saying that we did take the Airport Service bus to the airport, this is how it would go: Leave Disneyland Hotel at 10:30 a.m. and arrive at the L. A. Airport at 11:35 a.m., because if we took a later bus, we would be afraid of missing the plane that was to go to Miami. And to come home after Miami, leave the L. A. Airport at 12:50 p.m. and arrive at Disneyland Hotel at 1:55 p.m., but don't even think of the OCTD busses. (By the way, OCTD stands for Orange County Transit District.)

But then again, we decided not to think of Airport Service busses, either. Instead, we chose to drive to the airport and eat up a couple of gallons of gas coming and going. Dad had the feeling of saying to me, "Oh, come on, Marty. We're driving to the Los Angeles Airport, regardless of how high the gas prices are (\$1.30 to \$1.40). And don't you think that I am supposed to take a bus to the airport and save gas, because I know what I'm doing."

So was I, but things can't always come out your way. Consider what had happened to this family just as soon as my father got reservations for me and Grandma to sleep at the Ramada Inn: Grandma then felt that she did not want to go to Miami for several reasons:

1. My Uncle Benny suffered a heart attack in January when he was in New York, and had to spend a few weeks in the hospital.
2. Grandma was in her 70's as far as age was concerned, and wasn't in a ready type of mood to fly anywhere.

My father came home one night to tell us that his place, Shamrock Meats, Inc., once the pride of the movie "Rocky II," suffered a setback and laid off 19 people.

Me? I would be out of a job at Goodwill Industries just four days before we were to fly to Miami, when Dorothea Almstead, my supervisor, told me in her office on March 25 that I would also be laid-off. The reason: lack of work from the counselors, including those who worked on the dictaphone. And I've been dying to get out of Goodwill, anyway, because I hated getting up at 5:00 in the morning. I was thinking to myself during that time that next summer, I wanted to work somewhere in the Brea Mall, for when I would come home, I would be usually greeted by a 14-year-old cashier named Teresa (she works at 7-11).

As soon as we came back from Miami, I stopped by at Goodwill and found out that at least 20 other people were also laid off. One of those who would be looking for another job was a friend of mine named Vonda Frantom. Vonda

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and I were in the Clerical class at one point during our times, and strangely enough, all four of her jobs began with the letter C: Cafeteria, Clerical, Contracts, and Communications. So, I would be disappointed in the fact that I would be going to Miami without a job.

During the time that I was at Goodwill after Florida came up, I made a lineup of three different lists on what I should be taking down there. Included on those lists were the following items: three pairs of shoes, five pairs of socks, five pairs of underwear, three pairs of pants, five shirts, a sweater, two jackets, my 5-band radio, electric shaver, shaving lotion, toothpaste, toothbrush, poker game, Master Mind game, some pens and pencils, Florida Tour Book, my fiction story of "The Electric Horseman," Clerical Record Keeping set, two belts, plus many, many more zany things.

But then again, I had to eliminate some of my items from my list, just as soon as we picked up the luggage from my brother Alan. One of those was the Clerical set, because with Miami being such a pretty city, why waste time killing boring numbers when you can have a lot of fun with pretty females? Another item that had to be scratched was the Zodiac game I got for my parents' 36th anniversary, which we had to celebrate on the road.

March 28, 1980--Santa Ana/La Habra, CA

Today is my last day at the Goodwill office as a clerk-typist, and as of an employee of any kind there! When you get up at 5:00 in the morning on a habit to go to your job, you must feel sleepy already by the time you get there. This way, Dorothea will help me look for a job closer to home after we come back on our upcoming vacation.

I started the morning with no work given to me by any of the counselors--not even the dictaphone, because Doro wanted to try Gracie Browning on that favorite machine of mine, and she was an instant success! So, by surprise, I was made expendable on the dictaphone. The only thing I typed this morning was a little story about Miami, and when I finally got in some real work, I decided to give Bryan Mock the Miami story to keep--as a fake dictaphone report.

Later on in the day, I typed about three or four Work Experience Programs on the clients who work here. Many of them came from Suzanne Page. Also as an important assignment was to go to Bill Reinwald's office so that I could pick up my last Goodwill paycheck, which turned out to be \$282.00. That I did around 4:15 p.m.

At 4:25 p.m., I was doing a staffing report on a client named Ed Thornton on Carol Stubberud's typewriter, when suddenly, the ribbon was in a total mess! It took me ten minutes just to fix the ribbon on her machine, but I could not do that, and it was 4:35 p.m. already. So that became the end of my seven-month tenure as the clerk-typist at Goodwill--right in the middle of a report in which I could not complete because of ribbon trouble with the typewriter. At least, I did say good-bye to everyone I knew in the building--David Rinehart, Mr. Kaders, Doro, Gracie, Carol, Bryan, Suzanne, Vonda, plus many other friends I knew there.

The bus ride down Fairview wasn't too pleasant, because just as I got off at the City Shopping Center, bus driver Natalie kicked Ron Lewis and myself off for yelling at each other. I immediately forgot about that senseless

incident when I discovered that there was enough time to cash my \$282.00 at the Bank of America, and I did just that! Then all I did was kill a few minutes more time before I could take the bus that would send me back to La Habra.

I was pretty smart to go to 7-11 the other night because Teresa, the bare-footed cashier (I brought up that nickname myself because she has a habit of not wearing any shoes when she is working), was there. I killed 75¢ in change to pick up a crossword puzzle magazine.

This time, we didn't look too carefully for her because we had to go to my favorite restaurant--Jojo's. In my previous visit there, I was kind of disappointed since we didn't get a waitress. This time we did, and it was a pretty one--my type! Goddess, in which three of them would also be joining us on the Miami vacation trip (by the way, Grandma decided that she would be going to Miami after all), knew what we ordered for supper tonight. But I was definitely happy that we got a real waitress!

After we finished eating at Jojo's, it was time to start packing, or at least for me. My parents had already finished their chores the previous night. And with the fact that I loved to pack up anything when music or ballgames were heard on the radio. In this case, I heard an NBA basketball game between the L. A. Lakers and the San Diego Clippers, and as everyone knows, the attention focused on two important Lakers: center Kareem Abdul-Jabbar, and the whiz kid rookie from Michigan State, "Magic" Johnson.

During the ball game, in which the Lakers were to win by some 30 points, I started packing everything as neat as possible. First of all, there was some thought that if we used only two valices instead of three, it would really be a great asset to us, in order to make room for Grandma's baggage. The case worked, so I decided to use Alan's valice with his famous combination number of 814 on it.

I packed the following ingredients in my valice (or what I could possibly remember what I really packed): 5-band radio, three pairs of shoes, two belts, five shirts (three on the bottom and two on the top), my '79 Radio-TV Station Guide, six pairs of socks, seven pairs of underwear, two pairs of pajamas, three pairs of pants, my poker game, earplug, a sweater in case the weather gets cold (but could not), a few books to read on the plane (including the pocket-sized foot book--'cause I'm a foot fetish), Master Mind game, Florida Tour Book, my crossword puzzle magazine and dictionary; and the following morning, our toiletries (i.e., shaving lotion, electric shaver, toothpaste, toothbrush, mouthwash, and after-shave lotion).

I started to unplug some of the appliances around the house, too, before we finally went to sleep at around 10:30. And, even though working at Goodwill Industries is now a thing of the past, I will be looking forward to this big road trip in Miami!

March 29, 1980--La Habra/Los Angeles/Miami, FL

Busy, busy day for us! We got up at around 6:30 a.m. this morning and started to make breakfast. Dad said, "Okay, Marty, you are in charge of unplugging all the appliances we have around the house." So, at 7:11 a.m., I unplugged all the clock radios (we have three of them) and on one of those clocks I

changed the time, just to avoid being too embarrassed as making fun of the store's name, and also to think of Teresa as well. Mom told me not to, but I did so, anyway.

At around 8:30 a.m. I showered and shaved to the beat of a "One Day at a Time" tape (and there's nothing about it to be afraid of, Marty!), and during the time I was shaving, I accidentally knocked one of the parts out of the razor, and I had a pretty hard time fixing it. Not until the part where Schneider yelled, "Charrrrrrrrrrr-lie!" did the razor finally work again. After that I put all of those toiletries in my valice and marked on the outside of it, "Handle With Care," because I already put my radio inside.

There was still ample time to load and unload our dishwasher, since I wanted the house as clean as possible, and when my parents were having a little debate over Goddess (in which my feeling usually stands for television actresses, who also love to give me a hard time) knows what, I also put together the laundry.

We picked up Grandma at 9:00 this morning to have her come over the house, so that she could get prepared for Florida, too. Just when it appeared that she did not want to come in the first place. A half hour later, Bobby finally showed up with the station wagon he owns.

The first step we had to do as soon as Bobby arrived was to check and see that all of our Florida ingredients were there. Answer: yes. I had to check three times just to make sure that my radio was off, since you're not supposed to play it on the plane when it is flying.

And now that all of our baggages and jazz were set, so were we. We left our house at 10:15 a.m. today and drove all the way to the L. A. Airport.

While we drove, I focused my attention on one of the funny books written by Erma Bombeck. It's called "Aunt Erma's Cope Book," and there was an animated picture of her exposing her legs and was in a position where she was about to kick off her high heels, a la Donna Summer. (Note: I have an album of Donna's in which shows her sitting on top of a radio and is posed in a similar manner to that.)

And the ride to the airport was so simple, it didn't even take an hour to arrive there. So, when we got to the Pan Am terminal (I thought of National Airlines as well because they had a merger with Pan Am), we took every piece of baggage out, and let all of those except my briefcase be carried by cargo. It was almost a quarter after 11 at the time we arrived at the airport.

Then came the long lines. Oh, my gosh! If you came here today at the airport (Goddess always does that), you should have made a comment that those lines are longer than gas lines! I was in line for about 25 minutes just to get the best seat possible (I'm a window seat man), and when we finally got there, I ended up with Window Seat #45A.

Meanwhile, my Grandma was sitting down for almost an hour while the long line was getting faster and faster, but she was always patient and did not make a complaint at all. Normally, when we are home, every time Grandma invites us out to a restaurant, she always ends up complaining to herself, "I spent \$2.00 on this" and "I spent \$2.00 on that."

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And there I was, nervously myself as usual because we were getting ready to fly to Miami, and I guess that every time we fly, I must go into a negative situation, where I would have on my mind the air crashes they had in San Diego and Chicago. But Dad said, "Oh, don't be silly, Marty; those air crashes happened a long time ago, and I don't think that we will get into one at all." He was right, sort to speak.

After we ate a nice lunch at the restaurant, we got on board the Pan Am at 12:30 p.m., with at least 100 people involved, including three people to whom I refer to as Goddesses, two of whom I never really met: Dana Plato, Valerie Bertinelli, and Teresa at the 7-11 food store. Like I said, I usually refer to television actresses to stand for Goddesses, because once you have a cousin (Richard Dreyfuss) that wins an Academy Award, as he did in 1978, you should always think of Her who happens to be employed in the television field. If they really showed up, no Goddesses would be needed!

Just as we were getting ready to start the plane, Goddess Dana said to me, "I'm not afraid of anything, Marty! I've always thought that flying airplanes is so much fun, and I really love it more than anything else. And I relax on the planes, too, and not worry about air crashes or turbulences or anything like that. You know that we'll eventually get to Miami." And to prove that as a memory for this flight, I put that down in graffiti language in my crossword magazine.

Another thing that Goddesses do to me from time to time is massage my back or kick their heels off, so that it really helps me to relax myself. Without them, I would end up nowhere at all!

Here is the umpteenth note in this story: Whenever I go to shopping malls or disco parties, one of the points that gets my attention most is to see pretty girls kick their high heels off! This way, it saves a lot of swelling pain for them, and it also makes me feel right at home around them.

Consider one example concerning that last disco party I attended, a story which will make you feel 4 inches taller (or in this case, shorter): We went to the Moose Lodge in La Habra in August, 1979, for a wedding reception party that was to be hosted by Claudette Thure and her new husband, Eddie. Now I didn't know Claudette too well at the time, and I had only seen her twice prior to this big night. After the wedding ceremonies came and went, we came into the Moose Lodge and the disco party, where I made a prediction: that at least three or four girls would kick their shoes off before they entered the disco floor, particularly an hour after the party had started. What happened? A total of 15 girls ended up going on the dance floor in their stocking feet, and two of them happened to be Claudette, and her new sister-in-law, Amber! Oh yes, I was really stunned, because I never expected so many "casualties" in one night! And yes, I was dying to go home so that I could watch a football game on TV, just to get the party off my mind, which would usually happen as soon as I turn on a sports event. Not this time. The party turned out to be one that seemed impossible to get off my mind.

To show you how the idea of being a foot-fetish started, consider this: I was coming home from Goodwill one night, and I was going shopping, looking for a radio in which I originally planned to buy for my nephew's birthday. After I got on the bus, I met this girl named Jennifer, and she started to

tell me that her department store, May Co., required all department store female workers to wear high-heel shoes at work, to be "ladylike." Worse yet, the heels had to be at least two inches high, and just like the disco scene, you can very easily lose your posture and fall down if you don't watch yourself carefully. I said to Jennifer on the bus, "You can always run into at least one salesgirl who would rather work in her stocking feet, or in another way, they would need a foot massager during working hours if they are to wear high heels." Note: If I was a manager of a department store, I would really consider foot massagers. Anyway, that is how the foot-fetish points started.

On the plane that we took today, the same situation happened. At least four of us kicked our painful shoes off to relax ourselves, and I was one of them; at least two females did so.

While I killed time at the crossword puzzles, in which one of the clues in the first crossword included--you guessed it!--female department store worker (I put in graffiti language, Marty's favorite--if she takes her shoes off!)--Mom and Dad eventually enjoyed two different movies: "The Electric Horseman" and "Kramer vs. Kramer." The movie, "Horseman," brought a question to my thought: How could a guy wear a \$2,000 shirt with all those light bulbs attached around him? Answer: I'm not totally sure about that. But that guy, who calls himself Sonny Steele (played by Robert Redford), really must have practiced a lot of rodeo the last ten years or so. It wasn't considered as one of the greatest movies I saw--the one that really impressed me coming in to Florida was "10" (Bo Derek).

The meals that we ate on the plane were so delicious, I was considering on a recipe for diced chicken mixed with stewed vegetables. Also included in the meal were Coke, bread, and butter. It was the best meal I ever had on plane flights.

During the time that the movies were showing, we ran into turbulence. I looked out the window and realized that we could not see a thing other than heavy clouds, and I was so nervous, I started going crazy on the plane! I tried reading my foot book during those 15 nervous minutes, including the parts about high heels and boots. Even such a little book like that didn't help. All I did was worry about when the plane was going to stop shaking.

But Goddess Dana said to me, "Come on, Marty! I told you there's nothing to be afraid of. All we have here is a little turbulence, and we're not getting into an air crash. I promise you that we'll still get to Miami." Goddess Valerie agreed. "Relax, Marty. There is nothing wrong with a little turbulence. I happen to love it so much, I wish that it would stay that way every time I come on an airplane. Besides, we'll be in Florida in about another hour."

Which reminds me that I had to set my watch three times to Eastern Standard Time, while this guy who sat next to me and Grandma already had his watch set on Miami. He was "going home."

If you expected me to yente with the stewardesses on the plane, I did not. They were so busy, that if they took time out to talk to just one person for at least ten minutes, they would be way behind in their work. And of course, I happen to have the potential of talking to any girls, period!

At 8:30 p.m., after all this turbulence, I finally saw the pretty lights of Miami from the window, and a few minutes later, we arrived at Miami International Airport. I noticed that some of the passengers carried souvenir bags from Knott's Berry Farm and Disneyland, all to remind me of Southern California. This guy that we sat next to spoke with me for a few minutes, and he too, was aware about that air crash in San Diego. Getting to the airport wasn't an easy task, for I realized that we took almost ten minutes just to stop the plane and get off.

Finally, we were greeted and hugged (and kissed--I only kiss females) by the following people: Muriel & Howie, Evonne & Mort, plus four grandchildren, one named Stacy. Note: They also happen to have a 13-year-old grandchild named Dana, but her last name isn't Plato!

Despite all this hugging and kissing jazz, we (Mort, Father, and I) had some business to do. We had to walk at least a couple of blocks down the airport, before we could find Mort's Volvo. It's not easy when you get to Florida: unlike California, Floridians don't always stop for passengers, so you must be extremely careful with your walking. After we hopped into the Volvo, Mort drove us to Budget Rent-a-Car to rent for the upcoming stay the best car we could find. I turned on his car radio, expecting to find disco music--just for Vonda. It was pretty hard at first. The first thing I heard of Florida air waves was a college baseball game that featured U. of Miami, or something like that. Anything else was either country or jazz music. No disco as yet.

About 15 minutes later, we arrived at Budget, and it was a pretty long line before Dad finally got his turn. One of the salesgirls had to go to work with a painful left ankle, as I saw. The first thing I picked up of great importance was a map of Miami, and immediately I was looking for Miami Stadium, where I was planning to go to next Friday for an exhibition game, if there was one. (There wasn't, as will be explained later.) Another piece of paper showed radio stations in the Miami area--but nothing concerning disco. So, whatever I could find on my 5-band radio I had to accept. And strangely enough, my radio down here does not get the time clock chimes on the shortwave band. Examples: while killing time I heard "How Do I Make You," by Linda Ronstadt, and "Pop Muzik," by the single letter "M." Odd name to call a musical group.

We finally chose the light blue 1980 Ford Granada that they had on display at the back of the building. (Note: There was an Avon book in someone's office!) It was not an easy way to start things right. First of all, Dad was more concerned in finding the hotel where Grandma and I would stay than to flirt with disco music. Second, he asked me to be careful on what to say to Spanish people and Nicaraguans, even if I saw a license plate from Nicaragua when we finally got back to the airport a few minutes later. Eventually, we found the Ramada Inn Hotel, just as we knew we would: Kendall Dr. After Dad mentioned on what to be careful of, and with "don't do this" and "don't do that" kind of stuff, I was considering in going back to California home tomorrow.

But then Goddess Valerie said, "Oh, come on, Marty! We just arrived here in Florida! And did you see that neat scoreboard they had up there (near the airport)? It looks pretty. Who knows, we might end up going to the Orange Bowl, but I don't think there would be any football games there!"

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Soon I listened to Goddess, and then realized that it was going to be a lot of fun. But not this night. Despite hearing Billy Joel's new success, "You May Be Right," it was a painful night just getting here. I went inside the terminal building about 100 times just looking for the luggage, but couldn't find it. I was chasing after Dad when we did find it, but soon he was gone, and more patience had to show up. Finally, at a few minutes after 10:00 p.m., we got into the Granada with all our baggage, and the whole car was so crowded, Grandma and I were just dying to get to the hotel, in which we finally made it at 10:30 p.m.

Grandma and I got our stuff and waited until we could finally get a room, and it wasn't easy, either. We got Room #616 and the only way to go upstairs was to take the elevator. And Goddess Valerie said, "Don't be afraid of the elevator, Marty! You know that in about a minute, we will be on the sixth floor and be ready to sleep."

Which was what we had to do, after hearing that the restaurant was closed for the night, so I had to consider the orange that I ate in the room as my dinner. It took 32 seconds (I was timing on my stopwatch how long it would take us to open the door at the sixth level) to get upstairs, just as Goddess anticipated.

No time for games, I got into my pajamas, ate my orange, and watched the news on TV. Of course, I would be expecting two major subjects: the American hostages in Iran and the possibility of a baseball players' strike. The nice-looking cameramen showed me what Riverfront Stadium in Cincinnati would be like if the season opened with a players' strike: totally empty.

I had a hard time going to sleep, too. I was so nervous, I turned on my radio and heard WSB (750) in Atlanta, Ga., for the first time. A pretty good talk station, but I couldn't scratch music there. I tried picking up an old favorite of mine, WABC (770) in New York City! But nothing happened. So we started the Miami trip on a note that was so sour, I had to call it Day #0.

March 30, 1980--Miami

And now we can really start this vacation here in Miami! That's how we're planning it after getting off to a rocky start because of all that happened here last night. If you think that taking almost two hours just to get organized here wasn't enough, consider the next sentence. When I turned on my radio this morning, to radio station WGBS (710), the newscaster told me that there was a shooting incident at the same Ramada Inn we were sleeping at. I said to myself, "Oh my goodness! Here we go again! They had a shooting incident here in the middle of the night when I was sleeping, and things don't seem to look good at the start--at least at this rate."

One good omen occurred last night while I was flirting with the television. There was this religious program that was televised here in Miami, and the show was taped back home in Orange County, particularly because of the area code on the screen (714). Otherwise, forget the first night and start with Day #1 (for the Iranians, it's Day #148).

Grandma and I each took our respective showers, and when I was taking mine, I turned on WGBS, and eventually discovered that the system they have down here is an Accu-Weather Forecast. This forecast is used to describe traffic

conditions and weather reports, and it must be pretty good to listen to. The newscasters must always be prepared for what is happening. Besides getting music (i.e., "Ride Like the Wind," "Coconut Grove," "Off the Wall," "Another Brick in the Wall," etc.), WGBS keeps in touch with the sports news and Wall Street reports. And as I already brought it up, the first quality piece of news I heard was the shooting accident at the same Ramada Inn where we were staying at.

And after a very rocky start, Grandma and I went downstairs to eat breakfast. We waited about five minutes before we got our table, and when we did, we each took our respective orders. She usually goes for coffee and tomato juice, or some particular order like that. And as my parents know, they hear me call the waitress by name. I think that today's female hostess' name was Carol, but we had her for this day only.

When my parents called us around 8:30 this morning, we told them to come to the hotel, and they did just that. As soon as they showed up, it was time to start our tour of Miami, Fla.

On one side of my mind I had an NBA basketball game between the Washington Bullets and the New Jersey Nets, and it was a game in which the Bullets were fighting for the last playoff spot. My parents actually came at 9:00, because the first stop they wanted was the beautiful Kendall Apartments located across the street from the hotel.

In those apartments featured quite a few ingredients: Uncle Ben, Aunt Bevy, Michael, and Andrew. Uncle Ben was recovering nicely from a January heart attack and has been running and swimming every day to stay in condition. Aunt Beverly loves playing tennis, and like her husband, is nuts on jogging and swimming. She also loves to go bike riding once in a while. And when she goes around the house in a tank top, shorts, and bare feet, she has legs compared to those of Loni Anderson. And that's what led me to nick-naming her "Aunt Loni."

Following the famous hugging-and-kissing scene from each other, we were eating breakfast together and started talking about our memories and what happened on this road trip so far. Benny bought the Miami Herald newspaper, so that I could keep in touch with the TV Times, department store specials, and my favorite section, the sports news!

In today's Miami Herald sports page there was an article on the Houston Astros. This happens to be a team in which it really had its work cut out in the home run department (they only had 49 four-baggers last year), and its new star pitcher, Nolan Ryan, had at one time his California Angels' teammates hit home runs at that bad a pace (55 in one year and 63 the next). And if you want to make it worse, the Astros hit just 15 homers in the Astro-dome in 1979, and that was one major weakness: not enough air. But in any rate, I believed that Houston will win the National League West this year, if they are to avoid a players' strike. Andrew was thinking the same thing, too, particularly because of their pitching: Nolan Ryan, J. R. Richard, and Joe Niekro. But they needed power, so they picked up Joe Morgan at a time when I was considering Don Baylor would be very good for them.

Naturally, I would be expecting spring training games to be heard on the radio down here--but not for long. There was one game (Yankees vs. Mets) that was rained out up in St. Petersburg. About the only thing I would really scratch is the basketball game between Washington and (what Barbara Nugent at Goodwill calls it) New Joisey!

What really caught my eye in this morning's paper was the Zayre Department Store advertisement papers they were showing. As usual, one of my favorite things to do is shop in department stores, because of two things: I'm a big money-spender or something like that, and that salesgirls are required to wear high heels. In this paper, what really got me was a pair of men's leather shoes for \$10.00 when they would usually sell for \$20.00, a \$30.00 electronic baseball game (I'm a computer fetish, too!), a digital watch featuring a musical alarm, and when I saw that in the ad, I said to myself, "Boy, I should have gotten the watch they have in this paper instead of the one I'm wearing (May Co.)! This way, not only would I get the same functions on this watch, but also a musical alarm on when it's time to get up, and an alarm setter for a specific time to wake up."

Oh yes, I did see some things that can always get my attention--a model dressed in leotards and matching tights alone; and \$10.00 high heels showing pretty ankles! Must be another K-martish store as far as I'm concerned.

Never mind this Zayre jazz--I next looked in another ad, this I believe was a store called Jefferson's, and they had \$12.00 portable radios in which I wanted to get originally for Rebecca, my soon-to-be- 8-year-old niece. However, when I wanted to get Danny a radio, and I could not, the same situation had to happen with Rebecca.

More important, the four of us wanted to start the Florida tour as soon as possible, so there was ample time for Andrew to show me the place. Here's what we found: tennis courts, swimming pool, laundry room, pool tables, vending machine, a place to sit down and catch fish, and two little five-year-old girls sitting by the playground (neither one was my type). I took a photo of Andrew standing behind the tree in front of the beautiful lake, and I really enjoyed it! We talked about the time that Randy was supposed to come to Newport Beach from Las Vegas, but he was told that he couldn't make it because he missed his plane--and didn't come until the next morning.

After Andrew and I had our thing, my parents wanted theirs--so we promised them that we would go to this health food restaurant later tonight. We drove the Granada all the way to some luxurious apartments to see friends my parents discovered way before my time--including Aunt Anna. The ingredients I took with me were my radio (in which it would be boring without), crossword puzzle book, and its dictionary.

There were so many interesting things to see in Miami, including one that caught me: a Goodwill Industries building! Immediately, I had to put Dorothea Almstead on my mind, and I was considering taking a picture of that building just for Doro. Dad said, "No, Marty, don't do that. I know you want to appreciate Dorothea in taking a picture of the building, but I'm afraid that you will waste film in doing so." And so I didn't.

Another interesting thing that I ran into was the famed Orange Bowl Stadium, where it hosts the Miami Dolphins football team, the University of Miami gridiron squad, and every January 1, the Orange Bowl game. Naturally, there was nothing scheduled there today.

Instead of taking a picture of the Goodwill obstacle, I took quite a few of some old folks from Florida as we headed for some nice-looking apartments in Miami Beach, and when we got there, the first thing I said was, "Oh my

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gosh! There's the apartments we were looking for!" And we were happy to get there, too!

About the only person that I actually remembered seeing was Aunt Anna, whom we also ran into in the 1976 vacation back in New York. I obviously had to remind her, as quickly as possible, on how long it took me to see her, as well as what happened with me during that long wait. So did my folks, and the weather down here was my type--there must have been at least 400 bikinis lying around somewhere!

Today we ran into Anna, Selma, Eli, and some longtime friend of theirs who was sitting on a beach chair. None of those folks are really my brand as far as I'm concerned, but I think that this newcomer on the beach chair is an interesting person to talk to. As expected, I told her we were visiting from California, and it was great to be heré, etc. Goddess Valerie, after hearing me complain about Miami, said, "Relax, Marty! We're not going back to California until next weekend! Besides, you might run into a lot of barefooted salesgirls on this trip, and I'm sure you'll enjoy it here! See? I'm already stripped to a bikini and there's nothing wrong with that." So was this lady on the beach chair, who said, "You're cheating with that crossword dictionary, Marty!" And I put down on the book, "This is not considered as cheating!"

One thing I did not cheat on was when I toured the place by myself, and it was worth it. I picked up pamphlets on Braniff and Republic Airlines, and a Key guide to the city of Miami. Downstairs, I went into the gift shop and bought the following ingredients: postcards of Miami to send to Doro, a TV Guide, and a People magazine with Kristy McNichol and Tatum O'Neal wearing bathing suits on the front cover. And one of the customers wore a Boston Celtics T-shirt with #33 (Larry Bird) on it, thinking that the Birdman would lead the Celts to the NBA title this year. Subsequently, he was wrong; the Lakers went on to win the title. At least I wasn't wrong when I went to the gift shop. And I always fall in love with gift shops.

And that was about the only thing that wasn't boring, because you must realize that my parents happen to know these old folks for at least 30 years, and there just doesn't seem to be enough time to tell them what has been going on with me. That is why I brought up this idea called "the Joannie image," for this character on "Happy Days" usually is told by her father to go upstairs to her bedroom when he believes that there is nothing concerning their business for her. And so, as usual, I ended up with the "Joannie image."

After leaving the apartments in Miami Beach, we went to an old-timers restaurant called Wolfie's. And how did I know that I hated it from the start? Because of a few things:

1. There were no waitresses who work there.
2. Dad told us to order a light lunch so that we could get ready for our "big dinner"
3. The floor in that restaurant is so slippery, it would seem impossible to wear high heels or roller skates inside. Worse yet, the bathrooms are also upstairs.

Dad agreed with my sayings: he didn't like the restaurant, either. About the only things he liked were the old-time pictures of such stars as Clark

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Gable, Jack Benny, Marilyn Monroe, Betty Grable, Groucho Marx, plus many, many more. Of course, this was dedicated to old-timers, so such names as Charlene Tilton, Valerie Bertinelli, Erik Estrada, and Loni Anderson would not be photographed for a long time. And about the only thing I liked was this little pamphlet we picked up showing a nice-looking broad wearing a bikini (of course!), and a preview of the American League East this year. I cracked up on what they said about Toronto! Also, there was an article on Dad's "boyfriend," Eddie Fisher.

Nothing much happened after coming back from Wolfie's, in which I said we were dying to leave. But when we returned to the hotel at last, I laid down in bed, and with Goddess Dana Plato in my mind listening, I heard a Ranger-Oriole game, and I rooted for Earl Weaver's AL champs, who blew it, 6-4. I heard this particular game on WIOD (610), in which it happens to be a sports station of all kinds. Consider what this station picks up in sports events alone: Dolphins football, Yankees and Orioles in baseball; Bullets, 76ers, Cavaliers, Suns, Celtics and Knicks in basketball (wouldn't it be nice to get the Lakers down here, too?); and Flyers and Islanders in hockey. And I said to myself, "Gee, I wish that we could get a radio station in L. A. that would pick up that many teams!" Even if we still don't get that many out in California, I must have discovered the #1 sports station in the country already.

After the Ranger-Oriole game, I heard the theme song from one of my cousin's movies, "Close Encounters of the Third Kind." At the same time, I started to read the People magazine, and shortly after that, it was nap time.

After such a relaxing nap (I even felt Goddess massaging my back), I turned on WIOD again for the Bullets-Nets matchup. The beautiful nap really helped me get used to Florida. At any rate, I must have gone crazy about what happened to the Bullets, whom would either make the playoffs or miss them. They were winning by 15, but then the margin was something like 8, then 6, then 4, and two points. Who knows, maybe their mind was on Florida, too, but at last, they pulled it together, won it by 6 or 7 points, and reached the playoffs for the 12th year in a row. Yay for Dickie Motta's team!

The Bullet victory led us to getting ready to go to Benny's condominium, a place they rented here a year ago, so that we could get ready to eat dinner at the health food restaurant called Oakfeed. (Nancy will get a kick out of this place!) So what did I do? I took my poker game with me to show Ben how to operate that crazy Las Vegas-style machine, and sooner or later, he started to enjoy the machine. Note: Andrew would only let me use one certain bathroom sink because in the other one, he lost one of his contact lenses, and what a terrible blow that was!

Beverly dressed up very nicely, if that's what you consider her white bare-backed dress and matching high heels. Has to be "my type" of dressy female--so ladylike. And she knows that I was looking forward to eating out, too. For Michael--he had his work cut out; after we finished eating at this fancy-schmancy restaurant, he had to go to the airport tonight to drop off a friend of his.

With eight or nine people around, we had to use two cars, in order to get to the restaurant. It was somewhat crazy in just getting there, because it was located at some oddball place near Miami. In fact, we had to pass

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by some strange trees that had streetlights on them, or whatever. I think that it was wonderful to be in some strange country where folks think of Fidel Castro. We went in at least 30 different directions before we finally found the health food restaurant.

And where we were at when we got to the restaurant was crazy, too. Did you know that one of the traffic lights looks like it would be a left turn instead of a right turn? (Nope.) Did you know that there were some folks going roller-skating to disco music (i.e., Michael Jackson's "Off the Wall") across the street? (Nope.) Did you know that my cousin Michael is a vegetarian, meaning that he does not eat any red meat? (Nope.) Did you know that one of the salesgirls in where we ate at is named Dana? (Nope.) Did you know that B. F. Goodrich has a blimp? (Nope. And Goodrich doesn't even have a blimp, turkey!)

At any rate, this was pretty nice in where we ate at, and I wished that this was my type of restaurant, but I believed that we got a waiter tonight, so tutaloo to waitresses. Benny's boys love beer, so I think that one of them ordered a Lowenbrau or whatever. I don't remember what I ordered, either, so I guess I must be right. This is not my type of restaurant; and even foot-fetishers would say that. We must have waited something like 30 minutes after we took our orders before we finally had our food served. I mentioned to Andrew and Michael about why I was laid off at Goodwill, etc.

And since it was past 8:30 already, we had to scratch out Bunker and Bertinelli tonight. However, we did make it back to the hotel in time for "Alice," or at least the last 15 minutes of it. As I mentioned, Michael had to take care of his business by dropping off his friend at the Miami airport.

But I did find some interesting points about this section here in Miami, by the Oakfeed restaurant; they have a three-level department store similar to Macy's, May Co., and the Broadway. Goddess said to me, "Maybe we'll go here for our shopping, Marty! Who knows, we could find anything that happens to be cheap here!"

Another note: My parents happen to be sleeping at Yvonne's house, located some five miles from the hotel we were staying at. If you ever go into her bedroom, your heart will beat, because there's a ceiling fan that will have Goddess keep you company and never want you to leave Miami.

Getting back to the restaurant, I must have had a feeling when I discovered that on that slip of paper one of the salesgirls is named Dana, that name must stick a good memory here in 1980. A year ago, the name Barbara caught most of my attention. This year, Dana is waking up and Barbara is fading. And if anyone wants to know how I discovered lovely Dana Plato (Diff'rent Strokes), here it is:

I was taking my daily bus to the City Shopping Center back in Orange every morning before coming to Goodwill, and what got my attention after a couple of weeks was this high school girl who carried her shoes with her on the bus for quite a while. She took the 54, probably all the way to El Modena. After two weeks, and she still got me interested, I decided to figure out whom I should call her. And I said, "She must be a pretty shy girl getting on that bus, and she looks like this Dana I met in high school, so I'll call her Dana as far as I'm concerned."

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A couple of months later, I came to Chapel Services that we held twice a week at Goodwill, and I saw a National Enquirer paper. And since I just love to read National Enquirer, I was expecting to find an article on Loni Anderson. Instead, I came to this girl whose named turned out to be Dana Plato. After that, I said, "Oh my gosh! Another Dana! I'm totally sure it's not the same one who used to wait for her bus at The City Shopping Center!"

In February of this year, when everything was going bad (Valerie Bertinelli did not get called once on "The Hollywood Squares" and "Charlie's Angels" was not to be my type of episode), I decided to try something new. I watched "Diff'rent Strokes" for the first time ever, and many folks thought I was watching it to see Gary Coleman. Wrong. I was watching it to see Dana Plato. I did, but only for about a few minutes because of some tax work I had to do with my brother Robert.

About two weeks later, we went to Albertson's for food shopping, and it was raining heavily outside. But what made the sun shine on me was a Tiger Beat Magazine, and I found four pages of Dana showing her new fashion clothes, and also jump roping. And those pages put Dana Plato on the TV list for keeps.

Good night, folks. See ya in the morning. You can enjoy such shows as "The Jeffersons," take a shower and put the lights out until the next day.

March 31, 1980--Miami

When this day comes to an end, it will be one of the best that I've ever had in my whole life! But it didn't start out this way, of course. At least, I am getting a little more comfortable around this beautiful city.

On the second day of this road trip, Grandma and I each took turns with the showers again. I knew that I was dying to shower, so I started the morning with the television set to turn on Channel 6 (WCIX-TV) for "Tennessee Tuxedo and his Friends." If I was correct, this episode had to do with a penguin who was looking for a job as a singer; however, when they tried four different places, all of them failed to get any support from the fans, and as anticipated, they were kicked out. But Tennessee Tuxedo didn't give up, though. He found this zoo where animals could do anything they want there, and they tried singing, "Oo, la la, Sasson," or whatever they had in those days. Definitely not Sasson jeans, but they found an audience and was performing in front of the crowd at a time some other group was supposed to; but they couldn't show up.

Next on the TV list was "The Flintstones," a show which I used to watch all the time at home. This episode featured Fred and Barney sticked to a bowling ball for about 20 minutes; it must have seemed like forever to unscrew the ball. Here's my favorite part on what happened after the fingers were finally separated: Fred--"Yabbadabbadoo! We did it, Barney Boy! We broken the ball, and now we are free again!" Barney was crying that his new bowling ball was gone, but at least there would be no sticky problems now.

And there would be barely any sticky problems for me today. That's because we are going to Muriel and Howie's apartment for a Sader tonight--and coming

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into this one, I thought it was going to be another boring Monday.

When this program called "Duck Duck Goose" was on a TV station that had a little jingle called "Say SIX!". I showered and shaved before killing another hour of "Captain Kangaroo" and "One Day at a Time," still my favorite section on the boob tube.

I listened to WIOD and WGBS to get in touch with the Accu-Weather forecast and its pretty music, and the eye-catcher of the news was still why one man was killed at the scene of the Ramada Inn that we just happened to be at. They were also talking about some debating case up in Tampa Bay (whose football team almost made it to the Super Bowl had they beat the Rams) about some other kind of incident they had up there.

I was surprised to learn that "One Day at a Time" is on every morning here in Miami at 9:00 a.m. In Los Angeles, we don't get that particular "soap opera" program on until 3:00 p.m. This episode was not my type because it was a 1977 copyright, and what I was looking for was a '76 or even '75 eppy.

Just in case anybody across America wants to know how I discovered cute little Valerie Bertinelli, here it is: I was taking an Aphasia class in high school four years ago when our teacher aide, Cindi Smith, who had already realized that my relationship with students was boring, wanted to introduce me to her girlfriends, at least to get to know them. I did that, but my mind wasn't really on females during that time.

A month later, I was following this girl named Laurie by using her directions to go to my classes. But she didn't go for that idea; she already had a boyfriend. Once I was aware of what would happen if Laurie's boyfriend did show up in front of me, that was the end of any chances of getting Laurie as a girlfriend, and the next day, I really started discovering girls.

And here's where Valerie Bertinelli comes in. One week after running into some females who gave me such a sweet time in the Driver's Ed class that I took, we stopped by Albertson's one night to pick up some perishables. One of them was a Tiger Beat magazine, in which I believe was something to celebrate the Bicentennial by picking up anything I once had in my 16 years of life, a la Bill Veeck (who came back as Chicago White Sox owner that same year after a 15-year-layoff).

I picked up the Tiger Beat magazine expecting to find a couple of articles of Donny Osmond. At the same time, I listened to Cindy's advice on meeting girls, and on page 15 of that magazine, a headline read the following: "Getting to know those 'One Day at a Time' Girls!" And it surprised me to learn that these two girls Valerie Bertinelli and Mackenzie Phillips (who just got fired from the show), were on TV that very same night. I watched it to see what that "soap opera" was like. Successful, and Val and Mack were so talented, that I later considered that they would take command of a show all by themselves. Obviously, I saw it again the following week before it was taken off the air for the summer. When it returned, I was surprised to understand that Valerie was born in Delaware! And it just seemed impossible to find a television entertainer from that state!

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And Goddess Valerie would say, "Well, Marty, just consider Renie Martin (pitcher for Kansas City Royals) and Dallas Green (manager of Philadelphia Phillies). They were also born in Delaware! Did you know that?" I said, "Yes (for Martin) and no (for Green)!"

At 9:30 a.m., Grandma and I went down to breakfast for our morning meal. I met this good-looking cashier named Jennifer and a mustachioed bellhop named Ed. And Jenny caught my attention, as does so many other girls--she has nice legs. I picked up today's Miami Herald newspaper, which costs 20¢ daily (L. A. Times is 25¢), turned to the sports section, and read about Mom's favorite team--the Dodgers! And why Tom Lasorda's troops have their work cut out this year--especially that dumb bullpen.

At least we weren't so dumb--my parents called about ten minutes after breakfast, so we went upstairs to our room and I turned on "Card Sharks." Before that show was over, host Jim Perry said that there were people who came all the way from "Atlanta, Ga., and Paris, France." Oh well, he can't always rely on Miami, Fla. I also scratched a few minutes of "The Hollywood Squares," and noticed brand new players' booths which really became a decoration for the 80's.

And now, with my usual ingredients of radio and crossword book, my parents were ready, and so were we. The first stop of the day was one of my favorites here: the Dadeland Shopping Center.

And as I mentioned, this is the norm of our family: Dad loves to watch people go back and forth sitting down, Mom's bag is looking for dresses and jewelry, and I prefer buying computers or clothes that I need for myself, but I also love to be exposed to barefooted salesgirls. Grandma comes with Mother most of the time just to keep her company, but she would rather sit down than to walk around and kill her feet, which is no good for her age.

Here is what happened to me: I went into the J. C. Penney Department store (no high heels in that store were kicked off during my time), and I started to look for a certain toy for Rebecca's birthday. My type of gift is one in which is not useless (i.e., a Barbie Doll that is movable but says nothing), but can be also very educational for her future in college. I saw the 3rd edition of Family Feud, Game of the States, Concentration, Aggravation (she always beats me in that game), Rack-O, The Muppet Show Game, etc. And I read the rules on how to play Concentration, in which I have known a long time ago. I asked the nearest salesgirl, "What game do you consider is best for an 8-year-old niece?" The salesgirl: "I have no idea at all, Marty. Just look and make your own decision."

I finally decided not to buy any toys for Rebecca today, but I did see the same electronic Poker game that was on sale--for \$40.00. I went downstairs and told Mom that there was the Poker game available, because she later said, "Marty, did you find the Poker game here?" "Yep." "That's good. Let's get it for Uncle Ben. He'll really get a kick out of it."

Next step, I got a kick out of the disco music they played in the store, and I was wondering where it came from. I said to myself, "Oh, my goodness, they must get something here like WGBS or WIOD or whatever stations they carry here in Miami." Only then I realized that a couple of salesgirls were disco dancing! And there were no deejays in the store, either! Instead, they had this jukebox in the women's department store, and California was

never like this! I must have been going crazy! Anyway, I checked out the jukebox to see if the disco sensation, "Call Me," was listed. Surprisingly, it was not, and I thought it was everyone's choice of all the recordings Blondie ever did.

But there were more things to do than just J. C. Penney: I tried this T-shirt store located outside of all the other stores, and this pretty girl asked me about any particular T-shirt I wanted, and I said, "How much are letters for this shirt?" "20 cents." I wanted to get one with one of these sayings: "Moon Over Miami" (on my Dolphin T-shirt) or "Dictaphone is My Bag." And now Goddess suggests, "High Heels is My Bag." I skipped the T-shirts here.

And then I tired this sports shop where they were selling red-and-yellow Ft. Lauderdale Strikers soccer shirts (too expensive), along with those of Tampa Bay Rowdies. They also featured caps of Tampa Bay Buccaneers, Miami Dolphins in football, and Pirates, Yankees, Orioles, and Angels in baseball. I tried on an Angels' cap in the store and immediately this salesman in his 20's started talking about the coming season for the defending Western Division champs. He still thought that Nolan Ryan was on the team, but I said, "Nope. Nolan Ryan's with the Astros now. How about this free agent they signed, Bruce Kison?" "You're right. And they have Baylor, Rudi, Grich, and Ford available this year, too." Etc. Skipped the Angel cap and the store.

Finally, I went into a book store and bought something that is always worth reading. It's called "Scarne's Compplate Guide to Gambling." It cost something like \$17.00 and I used the first of my traveler's checks to pay for it. As everyone knows, one of my favorite cities is Las Vegas, because all the slot machines and twinkling disco lights shine up there. It took me several minutes to decide what to get in the book department, since I already have one thing of everything else. I wanted to pick up a Hoyle book for the house to match sister-in-law Shirley's brand, but the "Gambling" book was to be what I wanted. And my father had previously bought something for himself, too, but only Goddess happens to remember what it was.

Now comes lunch time. With so many fancy-schmancy restaurants around, Dad wanted me to meet him at this Jewish delicatessen he was to eat at while I bought my "Gambling" book. I ordered a corn dog and a soft drink, no less this heat we had down here (but I am the type of guy who obviously loves "bikini" weather). We sat down and ate for about 20 minutes before Mom hit the shops again. I was looking for the Radio Shack and found it way in the opposite end of the mall. In Burdine's I noticed this electronic digital display clock that not only shows the minutes and hours, but the seconds as well. It even showed hundredths of a second, just as my own digital watch does. And, as usual, that store set a dress code on dresses and high heels.

End of the Dadeland Shopping Center for today a few minutes later (it certainly reminds me of the Brea Mall), but wait until this big happening later on today!

To show you how pretty Kendall Dr. is, just consider the ingredients they put down on this street: Ramada Inn, Dadeland Shopping Center, Burger King University (that's a nice surprise), the Burger King Offices, plus many, many more.

HOW MIAMI BECAME A SUCCESSFUL VACATION (continued)

After a brief return to the hotel to really get ready for tonight's Sader, we bounced right back, all the way to the Winn-Dixie Supermarket. Dad wanted to stop off and pick up some wine at that particular store. But I desperately needed some shampoo in which I forgot to pick up at Dadeland, so I ended up with a yellow 8-oz. bottle of Agree. We took turns paying for our jazz, and we had a lovely curly-haired cashier named Frieda. I said to myself, "Nobody replaces Teresa at the 7-11." And I figured out our change before Frieda could even count it out!

And now comes the most exciting part of them all: we next drove all the way to Muriel and Howie's apartment! It took us 20 minutes to arrive there, and we came inside, pushed the elevator for the second floor, and it opened up to the best day I will have ever had in 1980.

Both Muriel and Howie greeted us warmly, but wait until you hear about the following events that are coming up in the next paragraph.

It is 1962. Marilyn Monroe dies tragically in Los Angeles. "Password" becomes an instant success in TV game shows. Wilt Chamberlain scores 100 points in a single basketball game! The New York Mets, in their first season, hire Casey Stengel as manager but lose a whopping 120 ball games. And this was also the last time I saw Debbie Warren.

Eighteen years later, Debbie Warren returns to life here in Miami, and I couldn't believe it! I was really surprised to see her, and we really hugged each other for all that lost time! I said to myself, "Oh my gosh! I was told by Debbie that she hadn't seen me since I was two, and all of a sudden, what do I do? It seems like that I would have to spend the rest of this vacation just trying to tell her what happened to me in all those 18 years!"

But that's true, folks. Debbie Warren is back in life again, obviously totally different, because it's so impossible to keep the same reactions for eighteen years. I told her what happened to me as much as possible, and to make that sweet, the sun was shining so heavily, all the girls that I met wore bikinis!

Once I saw Debbie, I thought that I should stop doing crossword puzzles plus all the other things that can make you painful, too! But it did not happen, so I went in and put on my shorts, and really relaxed outside!

Oh yes, the girlfriends of Debbie I met today are Francine, Teri, Toni, and Stephanie! I also met a good-looking 20's guy who was playing back-gammon with Deb. Francine, wearing a green bathing suit, who later turned out to be my type for the entire vacation trip, listened to her soap opera on radio. And Goddess happens to know what Teri, Toni, and Stephanie were doing.

I listened to my own radio and even tried to get into the swimming pool, but discovered it was a little too cold for that. An hour later, I was relaxing myself with Matthew's Yes & Know Book (boy, it sure has been a long time since I saw Debbie Warren; she since had two kids, one named Matthew and the other Stacie) with Sports Trivia in it. Consider what that little chatchka contains: trivia concerning baseball, football, basketball, hockey, soccer, Olympics (they didn't have anything on this country's boycott at that time), plus a dum-dum game called the Ultra Bowl. And I got

HOW MIAMI BECAME A SUCCESSFUL VACATION (continued)

my usual crackups from that book, too, but what's to crack up about it?

There were other females who showed up, too! There was Evelyn, Sherry, Dana, and three little triplets. And it was so successfull that I wanted to take all my pictures at Muriel's place before the Sader. Relaxing myself with a soda, I took two photos of Grandma and Debbie together, one of Grandma herself, another of Teri, one of Beatty and Evonne (when they showed off their pretty toes), and one of Evonne, Dana, Beatty, Milt, Matthew, and some other old man we really do not know of.

And now for the real fun part: getting dressed! After a shaky start, I really got into the conversation with all the girls, and they were teasing me so much, I almost started to faint! Just consider what had happened: Francine accidentally was wearing her bra alone in front of me, and I said, "Oh my gosh! There's Francine dressed like that!" And she and I had a sweet time with each other, and I was talking about all the "girlfriends" from California (Vonda, Teresa & Co.), and she asked me so many times, "Oh, Marty, is Teresa your girlfriend? Is Vonda your girlfriend?" or "Oh, Marty! We know what's your type?!" or anything that was to make my day.

And thinking so much about Teresa, that 14-year-old shoeless cashier at the 7-11 food store, Teri's real name happens to be Teresa, so I used the latter name for most of the rest of the night. And it was a success between myself and her, too!

Stephanie was also going crazy: she was trying on 700 different outfits for the Sader, one in which she was going to wear a blouse and shorts alone! I preferred that one of all the best. She settled for a blouse, long pants, and 3-inch high heels.

Debbie really didn't go that crazy; she was 31 years old and was taking care of her two kids, but Francine really caught my attention! And to give me so much support, she wore a pretty dress to the Sader, period.

Aside from all that sweetness with those pretty girls, I saw a couple of television shows we usually watch back home. They are "M*A*S*H" and "All in the Family" (back-to-back reruns of the latter show!). And at 6:00, some channel showed what happened at a particular horse race track here in Miami, and one of the horses happened to have Aries in its name (I rooted for the horse with my own sign in it, but finished either third or fourth). But it was still oh-la-la for Francine!

Twenty minutes later, all of us got ready for the Sader, in at the rate of the relationship between me and all those girls, it would seem that the Sader wouldn't start even until Friday night. Just consider what happened to me before the Sader started: I got out of my bathing suit to take a shower to the beat of disco music (Oh yes! I forgot to mention that I heard one of my favorite songs, Native New Yorker.). The pretty girls also got their turns showering and then having to really make up their minds on what to wear. But, as mentioned, everything was settled down--barely.

At any rate, I wanted to originally sit next to Francine at the Sader (she has pretty polished toenails), but instead sat next to my Mom and Grandma, and across from Debbie. This kind of Sader was so special, I feel it deserves what has really happened while it lasted!

Mort was the leader of the 1980 Sader, showing everyone matzohs, shankbone,

roasted egg (Daddy always blows his eggs the wrong way), moror, charoses, and karpas. Some of Francine's triplets (she has three girls) were asked to wash their hands in that special bowl, and they did that. I promised myself that this would finally be the year that I would not drink one sip of wine, so it was replaced by cranberry juice. Dana, who has just had mitzvah (and her last name isn't Plato, either), later read the four questions in Hebrew form, and she did such a beautiful job for that! Matthew read those same four questions in English.

And if you want to add some more fun to this Sader, would you believe that we were handed out music sheets to nostalgia party numbers instead of Passover songs! Those included "The Star-Spangled Banner" (in which we would have loved to sing before the Sader), "I Want a Girl" (if not Francine or Debbie), and "Roll Out the Barrel."

After running into some "boring" segments of The Four Sons, The Lord's Promise, and the Ten Plaques (all of us dipped drops from our wine cups into saucers), here comes my favorite section of the Passover book: Dayaynoo. For those who don't know how that song goes, here it is:

Ee-loo ee-loo ho-tzee-o-noo, ho-tzee-o-noo mee-meetz-ra-yeem, V'lo o-soh vo-hem sh-fo-teem, da-yay-noo. Da-da-yay-noo, da-da-yay-noo, da-da-yay-noo, da-yay-noo da-yay-noo (DA-YAY-NOO!). Etc, again.

And that song happens to make me blush when we all chant it together!

And after just nineteen pages, the Passover reading came to a close, and the girls would give me a sweet time the rest of the way! We ate chicken, three different brands of potatoes (including Debby's dish), drank soda, and I believe that Francine drank some beer! Sorry, there was no disco dancing at all, but even if we added that, it still would have made so much more of my sweet day!

But I wasn't totally disappointed about not going disco dancing. Instead, we had Matthew, the triplets, and I watch portions of "WKRP in Cincinnati," while two of the older boys watched the painful boxing fight (Howwwwwwwward Coooooooosell!) on WPLG (Ch. 10).

What was not painful on our side, was the ever-present stunning TV appearances of Loni Anderson on the "WKRP" series. It was telecast on Channel 4 (WTVJ, and I always get Channel 2 on my mind), and my feeling was that all of us chanted "Loni! Loni!" whenever the blonde bombshell appeared on the boob tube. And Loni turned out to be a real success, just as I was so far.

At 8:30 p.m., it was time for the Stockard Channing show, which was a nice thing to add to all that sweetness. But what about the time that 13-year-old Dana also got out of her shyness tonight and really enjoyed it here, too? And in the Tee-Vee Guide, it says that Stockard Channing wants to pose as some aspiring actress for exposure of a phony talent agency. And Marty, as usual, would rather have exposure of legs, ankles, and toes, all in female style. Just consider what happened with our lovely girls at this Sader tonight at one time or another: Sherry, Dad, Evonne, Francine, Stephanie, Teresa, Debbie, Toni, and Mom really showed leg exposure, and lots of high heels were kicked off, even if it wasn't gonna be like Claudette's wedding again!

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At least Stockard wasn't too much to handle; I only watched half the program, and at 9:00 p.m., I took a walk outside just seconds after Sherry (who was one of Loni Anderson's "volunteers" in trying to walk barefooted without scratching herself) took out the garbage. And since I'm not really the type of person who goes on elevators, I was going to try to walk downstairs, 'cause it was getting late; but she told me that I would be locked out, so I skipped ze ol stairs.

Coming back from my little walk outside the apartments, we came right back inside, and surprise! It turned out to be Sherry's birthday, and we all sang to her. All the girls and myself had good-looking cake!

Add another fun part: Francine, her three triplet daughters, and I all went outside in the patio, and took a quiet walk together to view the night-life in Miami. How sweet was it? Let me tell you, folks. We ran into some flies flying around the outdoors, and what we did was step on as many as possible, so I would get the feeling that I'm Miami's new hero, not necessarily replacing Bob Griese or Larry Csonka or even Jim Craig. Even if I wasn't a hero, Francine gave the the feeling that she never wanted me to leave Miami. To make it even nicer, there was Toni and Stephanie chatting with each other aside by the swimming pool, meaning three times fun!

Make that four times fun by 9:30! I kicked off my shoes and joined in the act of the messy kids' bedroom and watched "Flo" (Kiss my grits!). And that particular room really got my heart beating: they have in this one bedroom alone the following ingredients: checkwriter, nostalgia Florida license plates, box of magic tricks, nice-looking clothes, a Cracker Jack game, fun-to-do coloring books, and so on. Those triplets must be happy all the time with those toys! During "Flo," I was killing time in a sweet way with that Cracker Jack game. And of course, Francine popped in and out of the room every five minutes to keep in touch with all of us.

And at 10:00 p.m., my parents got their first break since coming into the house. I had already helped the girls clean the kitchen up, in which I again enjoyed much before "M*A*S*H" was on the air, so that we would get ready for Sherry's birthday party; we started to go back to the hotel a few minutes later, but not after I kissed all the girls goodnight and had a fantastic time with them. My day really came!

About the only other thing that backfired me during the entire stay here in this house alone was reading Sport magazine, about who would win the World Series if they negotiated their contracts properly. (Front cover shows Nolan Ryan.) In any rate, we finally left at 10:15 p.m. to start our way back to the Ramada Inn. It was the best Sader I have ever had, and also the best Monday I have had this year! Before that, I once went seven weeks in a row at Goodwill without getting any real success, so I decided to leave early from work one Friday, because of Dorothea on vacation, and three of the counselors who are the important roles in giving me work would not be back in the office again until 2:30 in the afternoon, so I was gone already. The following Monday, I finally picked up a successful day of work on this particular day. But with Francine and all of her girlfriends, this one's the best!

After we took the elevator to the lobby and got out the back way, we started to drive to the hotel, and during that time, there was another surprise on my radio! And it wasn't Dana, Loni, or Valerie making a surprise visit to one of the Miami radio stations, nor was it one of the Goodwill counselors

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who stopped by (I already ran into Shirley Strong on the way home from Phoenix last Thanksgiving weekend). It was radio station WABC, my old favorite from New York! And it took me forty-three months to find WABC on the dial, and Goddess Dana said, "Look what we found, Marty! We've got WABC, where they show real disco music!" I thought of those friendly deejays as "the real Dr. Johnny Fever." To end the four-year wait for that station, I heard on the radio the following numbers: "My Life" (Billy Joel) and "Ramblin' Man" (The Allman Brothers Band). But in the category of importance, one of the WABCers told me that there was to be a transit strike in New York, starting tomorrow. At least it's better than a players' strike! So it was very nice to pick up WABC on my radio again (it's at 770 to newcomers, and it's the only station in the entire country that isn't painful!). Also, my feeling was it was that station which must have led to its television series, "WKRP in Cincinnati."

Goddess Dana, after Grandma and I hopped out of the car to go to our bedroom, showed me one more surprise for the night. She said, "Look, Marty, there's a female bartender without shoes, and I know you'll blush on that part, Toe-Lover (I brought up that nickname myself for being a foot-fetish)!" Yep, I was surprised on that part, too.

Obviously, I was dying to go to sleep, for that the number one girl on my mind for tonight was Francine, and number two, Debbie! And speaking of Debbie, she put her address on the back of my crossword puzzle book so that instead of just writing a letter to her, I was considering writing a book to her, about the story of my whole life, since she hasn't seen me in eighteen years!

April 1, 1980--Miami

Even very sweet days like the one last night, as I mentioned before, have to take a little setback. Before Grandma and I would do anything that is considered as right today, she was in a big mess this morning as she has to pay the desk clerk \$200 for the first three nights we spent here, or that's the end of Miami. Worse yet, they wouldn't accept checks from out-of-state for personalizers, although Grandma does have at least \$9,000 in her checking account. Nor would they take Master Charge or VISA. So about the only thing we could do was call my parents so that we could go to Uncle Ben's, where he finally gave Grandma the \$200 in cash to pay the hotel bills.

I could always talk about my sugar time with all those girls for years, because we still have our work cut out for us. I did consider myself as taking the entire day off and relax in the hotel, but I instead wanted to see if anything more of last night would still happen to me. And it is not an easy task, though. Today Mom and Dad are celebrating their 36th wedding anniversary, which all started back in Idaho during World War II, and they usually go for one of the fanciest restaurants around town. Maybe I'll pick up another successful day today!

Besides clearing up all that hullabaloo with the hotel bills and cash, I watched "The Flintstones" for the second day in a row. This episode was kind of interesting, though I had seen every one of those episodes before. Today's "soap opera" showed Dino running away from home after Fred was so tired of his being knocked over by that famous purple dog whenever he came home. So what did Fred do? He told Dino not to come in the house and knock

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him down again as soon as he got home; and subsequently, Dino started to look for nicer homes.

Trouble for Fred started. He was looking for Dino so much, that some animal owner came into his house and sent three Dino look-alikes, but cute little Pebbles nodded three times, "no." The Dino happens to be purple with spots (I wrote that graffiti in my crossword thingie), and Pebby-Poo was crying, and I was joking, "Don't cry, Pebbles! Maybe Loni Anderson will come over for you!"

Sorry, Pebbles. All those shows were taped way before Loni Anderson's time on television, and if you think that they were taped again last year, maybe so.

The next part reminds me of the movie we saw in Long Beach last summer, "Rocky II." In fact, this guy who told Fred not to take his non-Dino dog home told him that the dog's name is Rocky, and he happens to be a movie star. Rocky showed Fred and Barney his talents in dancing and playing dead. And the guys were after him, with Fred still thinking that it happened to be Dino. Here was a deal: if they could find Dino, Fred would spend one week in the doghouse. And for a little coincidence, Dino was found, and into the doghouse went Fred Flintstone.

Eventually the show ended and the Screen Gems chimes had to be cut short for a station identification, and then came "Duck Duck Goose," which is what I call the Miami version of El Centro Park.

Now it was shower time with a little help from WGBS and its good ol' Accu-Weather Forecast, and I think that one of the songs I heard today was "Ride Like the Wind," and another being "Yes, I'm Ready." After the showering, Grandma and I went downstairs, where we decided to really take it easy by ordering a pretty good breakfast, when I had orange juice and pancakes, and Grandma went for her coffee. And I got the Miami Herald, and they showed an article on the town's favorite baseball club, Earl Weaver's Baltimore Orioles. At 9:10, we went upstairs in the room to see the conclusion of "One Day at a Time" on why Ann Romano wanted to go after a race car driver.

At around 9:30 I simply relaxed in bed, still coming off that sweet time with Francine by listening to a talk show on my radio. And they had this one commercial on the radio about bank tellers, secretaries, and clerical workers participating for the Flagship National Bank of Miami. I was quipping, "Hmmm, I would love to take a job (clerical worker) like this!" An hour later, after Grandma fixed up the problems with the hotel bills, my parents called on the telephone and said they were on their way here, and we later went to Uncle Ben's condo.

The first thing we did in his warm apartment (and they still couldn't find the missing lens that went down the toilet) was to give Benny his new Poker machine, so that he can go crazy over it. "I've been nuts before, Martin, but never since the time we went to Italy," he said, referring to the Poker game. In 1976, when we went to New York and later to Connecticut, one of us went to Evelyn Schwartz's apartment, and she told us (a friend of Evie's) that Ben suffered a heart attack and had to stay in Italy for at least another two weeks, so we couldn't make it to his house in Great Neck. And this past January, Benny suffered another heart attack, so this led to our

seeing them down here in Florida.

And now Bevy, whom I consider as the best Loni-imitater in our family, was among us who were ready to go to the beach today, thinking that it was to be another day of bikini weather. It was obviously my parent's turn to choose where they wanted to go, and so we went to this beach located a good 20 miles away from our hotel.

We followed them across the way onto the Dixie Fwy. or whatever, and I did my usual killing of time with puzzles and radio. Today, on WGBS, there was this phone call from someone named Theresa, and she happened to be living in North Miami, Fla. She had just won some LP (I don't really know if it was Fleetwood Mac or not), and my quote was, "She doesn't work at 7-11!" Goddess said, "Are you sure about it? This Theresa could be working at that store here in Miami, just as your kind of Teresa does back in La Habra!" After the North Miami resident won her ell-pees, I quoted, "And now she can take her shoes off and relax!"

Once again, we passed by the Goodwill building located off the highway, and I put down, "Tell Doro about it!"

I'll be dying to tell Doro what happened next. We drove through some African-style jungle trees for about ten minutes before we finally got to the beach, and we had a hard time looking for a parking spot. After a few minutes of looking for one, we had to settle for any old spot in which we could afford to use, about 100 steps away from the beach. The weather wasn't pleasant, either, although I brought my camera (Dad, by the way, picked up some Fuji film and a totebag as additions to the road trip this morning).

We sat down for quite a while, and at the rate of the outcome, we would be at the beach for at least three hours today, but I really wanted my seven hours with the girls last night to top this entire trip. And I was right. After buying lunch consisting of burger, fries, and coke, the rains came, and we had to leave not even one hour later. During the time we did stay at the beach, there was something interesting on the radio. The discjockey told me that since today is Census Day across the country, anybody whose last name begins with a vowel would have to call the Internal Revenue Service, or whatever it was at that time. One of those whom I would think that would do such a thing like that is Loni Anderson. Her last name begins with a vowel (A). In fact, I also heard my Dad whistle her TV doorbell song, "Fly Me to the Moon."

The rain was pouring so heavily, we had to scramble our shoes and get out of here, in which otherwise we could get killed or have to wait at least an hour before we could even get out of the parking lot. The reason for that was 30 other cars would be leaving ten minutes later, and we don't want to waste any time on that. After we got out of the exits, we had to wait a little longer to get onto the freeway. Just consider this fact: it took my radio three songs before Dad could really move again, just to be moving, and a couple more before Dad could make it an easy 1-2-3 trip back to the hotel. Yes, I heard Billy Joel sing. Even if he wasn't in person (Rupert Holmes was).

And while Mom started to complain about taking the wrong clothes to Miami, guess who I saw today? My cousin Randy. For the first time in two years.

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The last time I saw him before that was when he was supposed to be landing in Newport Beach one night in 1978, but he called in Las Vegas and informed the airport that he wasn't going to make it out to California until the next day. He was coming in from a flight that started in Denver and made another stop in Vegas, but Randy had to get used to those flickering lights there for the evening. There were some problems with his flight connection.

Randy was wearing a T-shirt that read "Elementary Genius" on it. He and I got along with each other pretty well after we came back to Benny's condo, and all we did was relax ourselves and talked about what happened on the way to Florida.

By the time we reached the condo, the rain stopped and weather began to clear itself again, just the way I wanted it. Before that, I was wondering if the elevators would be in operation during the rainfall, and Grandma nodded, "Yes, Marty, the elevators are still working. You know that we'll be up in our bedroom as soon as possible." And speaking of our bedroom, we lost our key the other day and we had to ask the receptionist for another one; no problem at all.

I got into my shorts, relaxed, watched TV, and listened to my radio for a little while until around 4:30 p.m.

And now came my favorite section again when my parents called to pick us up: going shopping at K-mart. We drove about three or four miles down Kendall Rd. and picked up some more interesting places: besides Burger King University, they have a race track, 7-11 food stores (maybe they also have a Teresa down here), and some place called Purlix Drugs. But for now, let's go to K-mart, which is really a saving place.

Who knows what my parents were looking for (Mom wanted to buy herself another dress, in which she is a dress fetish and a pocketbook lover), but I started to look for Rebecca's birthday present. Dad said, "Marty, Rebecca's birthday is not coming until April 12 (eleven days from now), so why don't you wait on her gift until we get back home?" This stubborn Aries responded, "Nope, I'm getting her birthday present right here."

And so I did, but that wasn't easy. They showed a lot of gifts that were recommended for ages 10 and up, and a lot of others which I considered as "painful" (the Barbie Doll, of course!). My goal was to spend no more than \$10.00 on a birthday present, partly because I'm here in Florida out of work.

First, I thought Parcheesi was a good suggestion, then Concentration, then Star Wars, plus any other toys which become useless before you buy them. At last, I went into the book section and found a real cheapie in saving money: a 400-page fun-to-do crossword puzzle book, and to make it sweet, I only had to pay \$3.00 for it. And so, that turned out to be Rebecca's birthday present. I know that there are a lot of puzzles which are hard to do, but it will really be worth its time.

We left the K-mart store a few minutes later, and we shuffled off to Evonne's house. It was at that time when I turned on my radio that one of the sports-casters (could have been Rick Weaver of radio station WIOD) told me that the rest of the exhibition baseball schedule had to be cancelled because they really wanted to reach an agreement on a new contract. However, the

players indicated that they would start the regular season on time, but was considering going on strike on May 23rd if nothing happened. (A 4-year contract to continue baseball on that particular day was agreeable, so there was no strike.) Anyway, I did bring an exhibition schedule with me to Florida just in case we felt like going to one of the games, particularly the Yankees and Orioles at Miami Stadium this Friday, but we had other plans made already such as going out to dinner with Bevy and Benny. And to me, the cancellation of the rest of the exhibition games must be the reason why we're scratching out baseball for this trip.

My own feeling was that it really wasn't the players who threw out the exhibition games; it was Vonda who did so. Just consider this: I was eating lunch outside at Goodwill listening to the Dodgers-Twins spring training affair for ten minutes when Vonda noticed my radio, and she asked me if she could use it. I said yes, and she changed the station to hear disco music for 30 minutes! When I finally got it back, I tried the Dodgers again, but instead ran into a surprise inside: Suzanne Page playing ping-pong with her high-heel shoes kicked off! No more Dodgers for today! Or the next day (a rainout)!

On my birthday, I watched the Dodgers on TV all the way (they lost), but Vonda and Corrine showed up at the party; and before it was over, Corrine, who was to undergo foot surgery in the hospital the next day, wouldn't mind me in giving her my small radio to keep. And now Vonda knocked out the entire spring training schedule!

Wait 'till you see what Evonne's house has! In it, there is a bathroom with a bathtub in which you step in and really comfort yourself; there is also a TV room with a ceiling fan on top of it; and there is a storage closet which happens to have more papers than what I own at home right now.

Evonne didn't stay too long after we came in; she had to go out somewhere tonight, and so we relaxed for a few hours and made ourselves at home. I took a drink of soda, killed more time at my crosswords, and watched the news on TV. On the news tonight, the reporters were talking again about that federal case in Tampa Bay concerning those dumb shooting incidents. And in the sports scene, an exposure of Baltimore Oriole players taking batting practice after realizing no more baseball until the regular season started, and one of the reporters (a female) said, "Wait until next year to see the Birds down here!" or something like that. And to the weather. Some cameraman rolled out all the temperatures across the United States and Canada, and discovered that the weather got beautiful again in L. A., but snow continued to fall over New York City. Speaking of New York, I saw what it was like without all that transportation service: worse than it was 14 years ago.

An interesting series of points happened after we left Evonne's and headed for the Dadeland Mall: Dad bought stuff that he was going to take back to California, and so was Mom. Me? I was looking for the Radio Shack store, and found it in the back end of the place. I was planning to buy an electronic blackjack game which also featured a calculator, but Dad told me to wait until we got back to California one more time. I seemed to be doing just that. However, I saw the usual zillion TV sets and they were tuned to "Face the Music" with host Ron Ely, ex-Tarzan prospect.

But now it's time to face a fancy-looking restaurant in the Dadeland Mall,

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which is located just south of the fast-paced Burger King restaurant. I don't know what it was called, but I found some more nice tips to it. Here's what happened: We had to wait something like 15 minutes before sitting down, because the dressy cashier (dress and high heels, Marty!) was so busy doing her stuff. Meanwhile, at the upstairs section featured a little party with disco music playing all night long. That part I liked.

After we were called to sit down, I went into the bathroom, and talked to some guy who is also from California. He told me that he happens to live in Tustin, and I told him La Habra, and just in case he forgot, I mentioned to him that La Habra is about 20 minutes away from Disneyland, and is about 30 to 40 miles south of Los Angeles. Maybe he was also looking forward to see the L. A. Rams playing at Anaheim Stadium next fall. We chatted for a couple of minutes before I sat down with my folks again.

I ordered this fancy-looking meal with spaghetti in it, and met this waitress who calls herself Nancy. And this one reminded me of the one we met in Idaho two years ago, and really is a honey whenever you see her. Besides, she gave me a pat on the back for my success in Miami and told us to have a real good time here.

My parents must have enjoyed it, too, on the point that it's their 36th anniversary today, and despite all those crazy problems, they said this was their best ever. Today is Grandma's birthday, too, and with three people celebrating special days and me in the hole, I managed to survive all that jazz with another sweet day, although this wasn't as sweet as it was with Francine last night.

We came back to the hotel just in time for the beginning of "Three's Company," where it also got a lot of interest in me! In this episode, John Ritter was having a nervous time on a dinner date with Ann Wedgeworth, and the bill turned out to be at least \$100 or whatever. John wanted to pretend that Ann was going to be doing everything for him, so when the waiter called, John was hiding and wanted Ann to do most of the talking for him. Also mentioned at times during the show were such names as Kathleen, Susan, and Wanda, and Ann thought that John was dating all those girls, too! I was joking to myself, "What about Loni, Tatum, Kristy, Valerie, and Dana?" Oh well, it was an enjoyable show, and I'll remember that sweet one for years.

And while this was a great day for my folks to remember, I didn't do much else after "Three's Company," other than take my bedtime shower and listen to a Flyers game on WIOD (610), as well as my crossies. Good night, y'all.

April 2, 1980--Miami

From the time I was in Phoenix last November, it seems that everywhere I go, I always ended up dreaming of at least one Goodwill employee every night, while a telephone operator named Michelle Monsees doesn't think about anything when she's at home. Last night I dreamed about Sharon Hilton, Barbara Nugent, Dorothea Almstead, and Vonda Frantom, and I don't remember what they were doing in my dreams. And now that I'm not there anymore, I may as well start from zero (and be a hero).

For the third straight day, although I was considering not to do so, I watched the "Flintstones" on Channel 6, and at the same time, I was looking through

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my new gambling book. Today, they showed Fred Flintstone making a tryout as a baseball player, and they used substitute names for Warren Spahn, Roger Maris, Casey Stengel, and Sandy Koufax. Or was it to be the next day? Anyway, it wasn't a painful cartoon to watch today.

And I dittoes my shower-and-shave number with WGBS again, and heard that the World Champion Sonics won another one last night, as did the Flyers. Obviously, with the cancellation of the exhibition baseball games, I guess there will be no Freeway Series (Dodgers and Angels) this time.

At 9:00, of course, there was "One Day at a Time," where I was expecting Barbara Cooper to run off to Chicago with a young man, but I also remember that turned out to be a painful time just watching that episode. The next day, my father and Nancy Kahakauwila (never get her name spelled right) combined to throw out Val Bertinelli until I graduated from high school. Nancy wanted me to go to bed at 9:00 p.m. at a time when that show wouldn't air until 9:30. But let's thank Goddess that the "painful episode" did not show up today! Instead, there was Jan Miner--you know her as Madge the dish washer on those Palmolive commercials--wanted to come to Pat Harrington, but Pat was so nervous whenever Jan showed up.

During commercial breaks, I turned to Channel 6 and saw another Francine--this one named Carlton. She was hosting an exercise program and was wearing my favorite outfit: leotards and tights, but no shoes! Every one of her moves caught my attention, and it seems that I just happen to be a toe-lover.

And speaking of the other Francine--the one I met at the Sader, I wrote a poem about her, and it goes like this:

Dearest Francine,
Your toes are prettier than your shoes,
Your legs get my attention.
Your sweet smile never makes me sing the blues,
And now you're always worth a mention!

So here's to you, my sweet Francine,
You don't remind me much of Sammy.
You're the prettiest girl I've ever seen
That made a trip to Miami!

And history was certainly made on Monday night!

We ate breakfast again at 9:30 (Grandma and I, as usual) and read an article about the Yankees! I guess my mind tells me why they still fired Billy Martin when he was originally going to manage the New Yorkers this season. Well, if it weren't for that salesman he punched out last October in Minnesota, we would have ran into him down here.

I saw Jenny and Ed as usual today, and was watching people go up and down the elevator. What happened to the plural "s," you ask? One of the elevators had its lights out this morning, and now my mind started to worry me about them. Ed was trying his best to install some new lights in the machine, but finally had to call the repair service, in which it would take them at least two hours to fix it up. This means more pressure on the guy,

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and if he had to help 30 people, it would seem impossible to do. Enough about the painful elevator blues.

Today, while my parent's wouldn't come until 11:30 this morning, I wanted to try something else today besides crossword puzzles. I read about 30 pages of "The Electric Horseman" book for the first time, and the part that got me the most today--you guessed it!--when this one stubborn woman stepped on somebody with her New York spiked heel!

Also happening was this good-looking female sitting down and waiting for somebody, and she was reading a newspaper that came from the island of Jamaica! Nancy would really love this part, all during the time that we were still waiting for my parents to show up. I was relaxing with my radio, listening to "The Hollywood Squares" on the Police band (don't ask me how that happened), and one of the questions they asked was, "Where is Three Mile Island?" After someone thought it was Hawaii, she later corrected it and said, "Pennsylvania." And that's where they had that nuclear situation.

Finally, my folks came at around 11:00 and they were ready to show us Miami again. We saw a lot of interesting things again, this time the Dinner Key Auditorium, where at one time the Miami Floridians played their home games at (one of the old ABA teams that has been long out of business, and so is the league). I read in a book one time that the arena was so hot, they had to open up all the doors so that the players could get adjusted to the outside breeze. My mom felt the same way when she came here, but in any case, they had just changed the name of the arena to Coconut Grove Auditorium, or something like that. And one of the discjockeys played a song in honor of that new name.

Grandma was talking about the time that her late husband Jimmy always used to take her to the conventions they held down here in the 40's and 50's. She was always saying, "Jimmy did this" and "Jimmy did that." I didn't know Grandpa Jimmy too well, for he passed away when I was one year old. Grandma was also wondering what happened to Clark Gable. Dad said, "Clark Gable died in the 1960's. I'm all aware that all of Hollywood still misses him."

And we saw beautiful lawns and palm trees like we really never saw this country before. You can always get on that green grass here and relax for hours, just another point that you never wanted to leave Miami.

It seemed like we were going to the Dadeland shopping mall again today, but Mom said, "C'mon, Marty. We'll always go back there later this week. Let's go to the new section called the Falls instead." And this one also caught my attention. First of all, the weather was at least 84 degrees outside, which is really bikini weather! Second of all, many of the stores happen to be so expensive, you could hardly believe how much the prices are! And third, my feeling is that this wasn't a mall to buy computer games here, so we decided not to buy anything down here.

But we looked all around--up and down--but no barefooted salesgirls here either, although it seemed we would have quite a lot in this weather. We went to a lot of stores just to look, and this is what happened: I went into the Foot Locker or whatever they call it down here, thinking that it was to be another one of those stores in which they sold high heels. Wrong.

HOW MIAMI BECAME A SUCCESSFUL VACATION (continued)

They sell sports equipment, including Adidas sport shoes, and V-neck shirts. I was going to buy one of those at a pretty good price of \$11.00, but when they could not come up with my size, I said, "Let's forget it here."

Then it was into a store called "Dana's" (and there's that name again!), where one top sold for--get this--\$175.00! That's for one top alone! Mom could always buy ten tops with that kind of money, but out of the store we went, where it also isn't named after Plato! We next tried a knick-knack store, and it looked like we would pick up something at last, including two \$5.00 signs to crack up Bobby and Alan. And again, forget it.

Walking across the other side of the pretty looking mall (they had signs showing some stores wouldn't be open until June), I went into a women's fashion store with "We Don't Talk Anymore" song in the background, and there, too, was out-of-this-world prices! They sold blue jeans for \$44 and heel slides for \$96, which is something not even Vonda can afford at such a price. Not even talking to a salesman helped me in buying anything here, either. Just say that we're 0-for-the-Falls here.

Our next important step was to go to the Museum of Science and Space Transit Planetarium, where we would learn about the history of Florida that dates way back to the 16th century.

Here they were talking about the times of the Seminole Indians back in the 1800's (that's how they got the school's nickname at Florida State University), how Florida became a state, why men and women in the 18th and 19th century had to wear special clothes, what Florida was like in the 1920's, 30's, 40's, 50's and 60's, even the situations they had in Cuba and Fidel Castro. I mean, it really is something to talk about with Nancy. Before we saw the history of Florida, we ran into pretty things as butterflies, mallard ducks, bumble bees, plus many other good-looking mammals. I was totally amazed on what the museum was showing here today, and I said that the best part I liked about it was the time we saw the history of Florida. You can have that classroom (during Easter vacation) in school right here, and also the gift shop, but in this museum I enjoyed the Florida nostalgia.

Eventually we ate lunch and I had my hot dog, fries, and coke number, and my folks ate just about the same stuff, before we got to another favorite section of mine: books. There were so many books on sale, and many of those involved the history of Florida, including ones used during the Bicentennial four years ago. I still decided not to take any of them, because we have so many books around the house in which there were scarcely any when we first moved to California in 1968. Maybe our La Habra library has books like those. And speaking of libraries, I was to be passing by one long after we left the museum, but I really didn't care when it opened and closed.

At least we did manage to buy a few postcards, one of them being a photo of a sabur-tooth tiger to give to Nancy. I wanted to get that for her so that she can really get a kick out of it and think that it's me scaring her. I was to get a couple of photo books for the kids (Joshy and Sammy), but all I said to myself was, "Nope."

We next returned to the hotel by passing by some pretty country sights in the center of Miami (I don't remember exactly what I saw, except for the library), and all I did was lie down some more in the bedroom--minus the exhibition games, of course!

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My parents tested the swimming pool downstairs for the first time--and they enjoyed every minute of it. As is the case with Dad, he was talking to all the newcomers to the hotel and telling them about his life (i.e., once working at a radio station in Montana and also appearing as an actor on stage), while Grandma and I stayed put and did not worry about a single thing.

At around 6:00 p.m., we went downstairs yet another time and headed for some Jewish restaurant, in which our first choice was Arthur Treacher's Fish & Chips. Here it was about percentage points better than Wolfie's, because in this one, they had a bakery adjacent to the restaurant, and the waitresses here were nice but most of them in their 50's, too old for me to handle. Anyway, I ordered a chicken-and-rice dinner, and it tasted similar to the one I had on the plane when we first got here. Still, it was not my type of restaurant, so all I did was flirt with my digital watch and dream about a better way to lineup the divisions in hockey, which is still painful the way it stands. Doesn't it look stupid to have only four teams on the West Coast (now five) since almost everyone else is back East? Oh well, I'm not really excited about hockey anymore.

I also picked up a little "TV Facts" guide for the next weekend, although we wouldn't be there the following week. There was that article on Mackenzie Phillips' firing from "One Day at a Time" (she was dropped from the series because of some cocaine problems which led to a layoff last November), and also articles concerning Linda Lavin and Barbara Stanwyck. Front cover shows Kenny Rogers as the star of his own TV movie, "The Gambler."

And we were right back to Benny's following dinner, and we stayed for about 1½ hours. I killed some more time reading sports articles that included the Dodgers, Sparky Anderson taking over at Detroit, and Cal State Fullerton winning the NCAA baseball championship. I used to go to Cal State Fullerton for my speech hearing a few years ago. And, of course, more everlasting photos, too.

Then came the best of the exciting parts of Wednesday night as we were greeted by Sue the receptionist at the lobby. In our bedroom, I was expecting "Different Strokes" on Channel 7 (their slogan is "We're Proud"), in which I would run into Gary Coleman and Dana Plato. Not tonight. Instead, I was treated to two hours of "Real People," and on it showed an episode in which Michelle the receptionist at Goodwill would really love (she stands a total of four feet tall even if she wore high heels).

Tonight's "Real People" segment featured two 30-year-old guys selling real estate, but a more interesting point was they they both stood three feet tall. That's right, three feet tall! My point is, how could they see everything when they stand that short? In any case, I liked the part where this young woman lifted the midgets to reach the elevator buttons, and I loved it! As well as the show!

But I also loved the time that I listened to the Washington Bullets-Philadelphia 76ers playoff game on WIOD. I picked the Bullets to win the first game tonight, thinking they would repeat the same performance the way they did Sunday in New Jersey. Obviously, they didn't even need a plane to get to the Spectrum, so they were ready for a challenge. While the Bullets and 76ers were battling it out, I took my shower and got into my pajamas, then took a picture of what Miami looks like at night.

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Back to the basketball game. The Bullets led something like 8-0, and at that pace, they would win by 30 points. But the Sixers, led by Julius Erving, or Dr. J, took charge the rest of the way, and their performance led to an easy victory, and Dr. J wasn't really needed that much. Kevin Grevey did manage four three-point goals for the Bullets, but as they say, it wasn't enough.

In any rate, I still felt that it was a pretty good day, considering that you started it off by going to a very expensive shopping mall, but lived through that and enjoyed what I saw at the museum. I guess that's about all I have to say for tonight.

April 3, 1980--Miami

This morning was another busy one for me. First of all, I started to write a short note to Vonda on one of the postcards I picked up at the museum yesterday. And Vonda was the person on whom would be on my mind this morning, in all kinds of ways. Take this, for example: I found out that she would be going with her church group to Indianapolis this summer, and they will do that by taking a bus, starting somewhere in Orange County, sleep one night in Utah, the next night in Nebraska or Kansas, and on the third day to Indianapolis. My own feeling was that if I got a part-time job as soon as we came home from Florida, and if I worked effectively for the next three months, I would be considering going to Indianapolis with Vonda, and it would surpass everything that we did in our 1976 vacation trip.

I looked at the mileage chart that I xeroxed at the library a couple of weeks ago, and discovered that Indianapolis is some 2100 miles away from Los Angeles. I originally brought that chart with me to see how far the radio stations in other cities are from Miami. But in this case, it's Indianapolis I was concerned about, and if I really decided to come with Vonda all the way there, I don't think that anything for the rest of my life would replace that.

When I typed my 54-page story about the 1976 vacation trip a few years ago, I said that let Julie and Barbara Cooper (character names you get used to on "One Day at a Time," where the setting takes place in Indianapolis) be mind-headed. With Vonda around, if I should go, it wouldn't seem that anybody be mind-headed, not even Valerie Bertinelli or the fired Mackenzie Phillips. Obviously, you can only be yourself and it would seem impossible to copy anybody else.

I also said that after we finished our USA Bicentennial journey at a time we really afforded to, I would be doing this again, only this time with some qualified female of my type. I almost did so the next summer. Here's what happened: I was attending the Beth Shalom Temple out in Whittier, Calif., and I was just joining this youth group as recommended by my teacher Nancy. One day they showed this poster that read "U. S. Y. on Wheels! Sign up now, and in June we can start a two-month tour that goes all the way to New York City, as we will return to California on August 6!" or some kind of advertisement like that. I was one of those people who was interested in going, even if we had to pay \$200, but not too many others would afford six weeks on the road, so the bus trip was cancelled. The furthest I left California in 1977 was when we went to Reno to see my cousin Barbara.

Last year, it was my family who did most of the traveling, not me. My

brother Robert went to Philadelphia eight or nine times, all of them on business. Alan went to Chicago for a convention after he and Robert shared their birthday, then eventually took his family to England for a two-week stay. I wished that I also came with them, because the day after they came back from vacation, I made my debut at Goodwill. The furthest away from California a year ago for me was the Thanksgiving weekend I spent in Phoenix.

And now that we have made it to Florida, there was not even one day that we stayed put in town. Every day that we were here, including the first day when we just arrived, our car was moving everywhere in all directions: to friends' houses, to the beach, to the shopping malls; you name it, we were there. And this fifth full day is no exception, either.

The "Flintstones" beat continued this morning with Fred having a hard time seeing. He went into Dr. Boulder Dome's office to pick up a new pair of glasses, and things really got confused for them. Just think of what happened: Fred thought that a little baby monkey was his own daughter Pebbles; a baby alligator as a pocketbook to whom Fred believed belonged to a gorilla, whom he thought was a lady. I mean he was just crazy on those animated cartoons, which was his trademark, period. I even avoided blushing and cracking up every time the elephant said, "Hello, hello, number please!" And I loved the part where Barney was pacing back forth saying to himself, "Pebbles does not look like a monkey."

I'm glad that I'm no monkey myself, because as soon as Duck Duck Goose was on the air, I turned it off despite pretty-looking outfits on TV (I think the lady was wearing a sundress or whatever). And today, it was Dana Plato, whom I considered today as Goddess if not Kimberly Drummond.

Part 5 of shower-and-shaving with the usual WGBS jazz (and for Vonda, there is this one FM station that I would consider as disco music, and like I said, this isn't a disco town at all!) before relaxing with "One Day at a Time" an hour later. And guess what! There was another girl who played the role of Francine, and all of a sudden, it is Francine and Dana who are really making it a big hit here in Miami! What happened to Loni Anderson and barefooted Teresa? I guess they didn't quite make it too good down here! And during the commercials, I switched to Fran Carlton, also "barefooted," and her her exercise show. She must be Miami's own version of Jack La Lanne.

Even two commercials caught my attention, too, and both had to do with federal banks for Dade Savings. Here's the little jingle for the Californians:

"The difference at Dade Savings,
The difference at Dade Savings,
The difference at Dade Savings,
That's the difference you'll get from a Savings
and Loan!"

The other starts like this: "The feeling of excitement," etc. Lonny Keef-over would love to sing those jingles!

We tried to cool off my blushing by going to breakfast, but Jenny the cashier, knowing that I would get my change for the morning paper, said, "Yes, Marty, I know! You want change to pick up today's paper, right?" I couldn't believe

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it! Years ago, when I first discovered Bertinelli, whose last name is spelled wrong in the TV Facts magazine, I was always blushing out, "Oh, no!" when anything said on the radio was involved in her territory. Today, here in Miami, it must be like the old days.

Anyway, today's sports article is the Milwaukee Brewers, and what they were up to now that their regular manager, George Bamberger, had suffered a heart attack (he's expected to join them real soon). Interim skipper Bob Rodgers wanted to really get his hitters to play consistently if they were to win their division. All of this happened while Grandma and I ate our breakfast during that time.

Didn't meet anyone special downstairs at the lobby, and all I did was change clothes so that I would be making a tryout at the swimming pool for the first time. Specifically, I always prefer swimming after at least one person had already jumped, stepped, or dived in. There were three little kids playing around in the pool when I got in, and Goddess Dana said to me, "Come on, Marty! You can get yourself wet today, because I already told you on the plane that I'm not afraid of anything!"

So I listened to Goddess Dana and got used to the warm water inside, and later on felt like I was going to stay in the pool forever. It was quite a lot of fun, but I had to take off my digital watch to avoid getting the numbers wet. Grandma doesn't go in the swimming pool too much; the only thing she does is dip her feet into the water.

As soon as my parents arrived here, I immediately changed clothes and put on some dry ones at the hotel before we did a lot of things that really was to become a successful day for me. Today, we were to go to two places that I picked out: Zayre and Arthur Treacher's Fish and Chips. We also expected to see Uncle Ben and Aunt Beverly today.

The temperature today must have been at least 90 degrees, and that's really a time for all the girls to show off in their bikinis. We once ran into a salesgirl in Laguna Beach two years ago, when Ben and Bev were out here for a visit. Anyway, that salesgirl was wearing a yellow bikini behind the counter, and nothing else! Not even high heels! And I really was stunned to see that happen in front of me! Must have looked like Cheryl Ladd, but that one was what I now call an "oh-my-gosh" saleslady!

And now, it's time to go to Zayre's. Today was the day where we wanted to pick up quite a lot of souvenir gifts for the kids (Danny, Joshy, and Sammy--I already picked up Rebecca's at K-mart the other day). By the time I left this store, I did so with very pleasant memories. Just consider the following steps that happened in this place alone.

First, I went to the clothing section in which we were to get T-shirts for the entire family--almost. I saw quite a lot of shirts in Florida, including those of the Dolphins and Buccaneers. I was gonna get Danny a Dolphins T-shirt, but then I said, "Forget it." I wound up getting two T-shirts for myself, one reading, "Nowhere Else But Florida," and "It's Better in Florida." The latter reminds me of the weather we were having here, which is beautiful, because when we came back to California the next weekend, we eventually got lousy weather. For Joshy and Sammy, we picked up a copy of T-shirts that read, "Future Mr. America" or something like that. Rebecca's

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turned out to be "Future Miss America." I have no idea what we ended up getting for Danny.

Second, I went into the toy department, and I was telling this saleslady that a lot of toys happen to be painful for your age as well as for the kids. She said, "Yep. In fact, I hate playing with toys, too!" But I didn't mind at all. After 20 to 25 minutes of decisions, I finally got Danny a Bowl-and-Score Bingo (and Dad said, "Marty, I really think that Danny has enough toys around the house!"), Sammy a set of decorations to make birthday cards, and Joshy a small box of Tinkertoys, in which Dad picked out. Realistically, I didn't want to get any toys here that would be too big to fit on the plane. There was consideration that I wanted to pick up The Gong Show Game for Danny, but Dad hates that show now that Chuck Barris was hosting it.

Third, I was making thoughts of picking up a disco record for Vonda, but could not, although there were some interesting albums. One of those was Deney Terrio's Disco Steps album, based on his television series, "Dance Fever." I also ran into a Kool & the Gang album ("Ladies' Night").

Fourth, we went to the shoe department, thinking I was going to buy the \$10.00 specials today. After looking at them closely, I decided not to take a chance at them either. Mother always goes to the shoe department no matter where she goes, and now she must be challenging Loni Anderson for most pairs of shoes collected around the house for an individual. (I read in a People magazine that Loni has at least 70 pairs, and Mom already seems to have that many!)

Fifth, I went to the jewelry department and waited patiently for 10 to 15 minutes before the saleslady went to my turn. I asked her if they had that digital watch listed in the advertisement paper. She didn't, but did show me one that was similar to the one in the paper. This watch did have the on/off indicator; calendar mode of month, day, and date; as well as the lap time and regular watch time. Only there was no musical alarm, and even though I didn't buy that, maybe I should have waited all that time to pick up this particular watch. After all, why did I buy my MQE watch in October when instead, get the one that has more features than mine for the same price?

Sixth, Mom had her turn in picking up stationery for the Kovacs neighbors who live on the same street at home, but I don't really believe that she got it for them. Can't win 'em all, they all say.

Best of all, it was time to check out at the store, and here's where my real success happens. Our salesgirl's name was Mary and I think her aide's name was Kimberly, and would you believe Mary already knew my name? I was stunned, but got used to having female cashiers call me by name. To make it sweet, I used the second of my travelers' checks to pay for everything I picked up. And Mary said to me, "Goodbye, Marty, it was nice knowing you at Zayre's."

But after I was finished with my stuff, and my folks checked out for theirs, I was treated with another surprise: In aisle #6, there was a barefooted salesgirl! And after I saw that, I was singing, "Yes, I'm Ready," and really started to pace back and forth. Goddess Dana said, "I think you like the saleslady in aisle #6 because she kicked her high heels off, and I know that's gonna make your day, and she did that just for you! And I also see

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you pacing around the store, to the Xerox machine (20¢ for one copy alone), checking out the computers on what to buy here (they have no Black Jack games), etc., etc!" And this was to lead to my new pattern: every time I buy something for myself, I always run into a barefooted salesgirl, and at Zayre's, this just happened today!

We finally left this nice department store a little after 12:30, and the next thing was I wanted to get in front of the Goodwill truck so that Dad can take a picture of me standing by it, and said I would give a copy of that picture to Dorothea!

Following all that jazz, I turned on my radio, and there was that song I was singing in the store: "Yes, I'm Ready!" That really surprised me, and now things are starting to go Marty's way here in Miami as we headed for Arthur Treacher's Fish & Chips!

Would you believe that after putting down graffiti that said "I already know 54 girls named Debbie," I met a 55th by that same name behind the counter now, even though Dad told me to sit down as he awaited the long lines for our food. I ordered chicken and chips special with a coke, and that tasted delicious! Grandma was wondering who Arthur Treacher was. He was the man who started out in the restaurant business some 20 years ago, and once he became a success at that, Treacher's restaurants were soon popping all over the country.

After lunch, we went right back to the hotel, where after another short swim, we saw Beverly pop up in front of us so that we could get ready to make another visit with her. I had to go upstairs in my T-shirt and shorts alone in the elevator until we got out. I believe that I showered and then changed before coming down again, and really getting ready to drive to Bev's condo.

I saw Randy as usual and got kind of stunned, because I didn't know that Bevy rented some kind of bike down here, and the shelter downstairs reminded me of the time we were in San Diego on vacation a few years ago. Anybody wanna know what happened down in San Diego during that time? (Yep!) Okay, folks, here it is. In 1974, Ben and Bev showed up, and they decided where was the best place to sleep, and it turned out to be the Bahia Inn in San Diego. I couldn't remember much about the hotel then, because I had a one-track mind as a sports fetish. All I cared about was whether the Dodgers and Angels, and down there, the Padres, were winning or losing. In fact, I brought with me to San Diego these magnetic sports logos that you stick together to make up standings or whatever you decided.

About the only time I did not pay any attention to sports news was when Mother and I were riding this bike built for two people. After going around the parking lots three or four times, Mom kluttzed herself and fell down, and the wheels broke. Some crackup!

I also remembered the vending machines there, both called Tom's, in which my heart was really beating, whether you ran into a vending machine that was full, or one that was nearly empty, as I did.

Our stay at Bevy's wasn't so empty. I took a pose of herself so as to spread her legs the way Loni Anderson does, and that one is certainly a memorable photo, as Dad was flirting with my Poker machine and myself with a glass of apple juice.

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Soon we were on our way to another beach, and another piece of success. Just think of all the ingredients that happened: I bought my lunch there and when there was time to kill, I ran into a busy lady counselor who was flirting with her high heels as she was getting in some paperwork. (Yes, Marty, we know that reminds you of Goodwill!), and also went into a bathroom that was not my type. Grandma was also in line with me, and as usual, she paid for everything I bought.

Before all this jazz happened, I was a bit concerned about Dad's window, whereas even on very hot days, I still preferred to close them all the way. But one of the springs was broken and we had to leave it part open, just to avoid getting too hot inside. And I changed clothes in an almost see-through locker room (now wouldn't it be nice to get something like that so we could watch the girls dress and undress in front of us?).

Dad took a couple of pictures of us, including one with me involved next to Beverly. And I was listening to WGBS, where one of the jockeys told me that FLO (Kiss my grits!) was the top-rated show in all of television, and that surprised me quite a bit! I usually would think that either "La-verne & Shirley" or "Three's Company" would end up #1 for the week, but I guess it didn't this time. Quite impressive on my part here at the beach today--there were the usual bikinis coming and going in all 300 ways, and when I was at the refreshment stand, I got so excited, I kept thinking that we were still on the West Coast. Nope, we're on the East Coast, and we wouldn't touch California again until Sunday.

And now we went back to the condo again, in which I would be doing the same old jazz of a new music station and my crossies, which is nothing new to me. Still no word on when the contact lens would be found, so by accident, I used the bathroom I wasn't supposed to already.

Finally, it was back to the hotel again, where I got my umpteenth surprise which was to really hit this place: a maid with feet that were so tired, she had to take her shoes off during working hours. (Did I discover another Teresa already?) Obviously, I enjoy talking to barefooted salesgirls, and so I went the same way with the maids. I was telling her, "Goodbye, and don't scratch yourself!" On that last sentence, I always believe that so many girls who try to walk around without any shoes on would be as successful as Loni Anderson, whom herself once walked in her bare feet on top of broken glass--and she didn't scratch herself at all.

Next step was a Coke and a nap, and really there was to be nothing doing in the next few hours. Our plans later were to go to Evonne's house for another get-together at the dinner table.

And what a memorable visit I had at Evonne's! I did so many things that were successful; I must have felt that all this time we spent at Zayre's Department Store led to a sweet victory for me. The first thing that I did was try that crazy shower, and I loved it!

Then it was time for the news, and all they continued to talk about was that dumb player's strike issue, and I hated that part! I also turned on the ceiling fan, and pretty soon, I started to feel comfortable in the room, and there's another feeling that Francine still never wanted me to leave Miami.

HOW MIAMI BECAME A SUCCESSFUL VACATION (continued)

At 7:00 p.m., I turned on the Cross-Wits, minus the announcement of the introduction to Jack Clark as the host of the show. I was dying for the announcer to introduce the contestants, so he said on the lady contestant, "Here's a lady who once fell off her shoes at a wedding ceremony: meet Gina Hearst!" I dedicated this lady contestant to Bryan Mock, our Goodwill Counselor. Bryan dictated a Work Evaluation Report a few weeks ago on a client named Jackie Howell, and he told me that Jackie kicked off her slippers while taking an Evaluation test. Even with that part in mind, Gina Hearst lost the ball game today to a team with a male contestant, and that squad also has a Gina, this one named Hecht (she pronounces her name GEE-na HEKT, and she is a regular on *Mork & Mindy*). But the announcer's remarks reminded me so much of Claudette's wedding, where the new bride started the kick-off-those-high-heels parade.

Mercifully, I ate some din-din in front of everybody, and it was quite a thrill at it. I took some pictures around the table, and put that in my memory book as well.

And being that we would be around this oh-my-gosh place for at least another hour, I kicked off my shoes, turned on the fan, and listened to WABC--the hard but simple way. I heard something about a March of Dimes Super-Walk '80 that was to be held in New York City sometime later this month, two commercials involving Sasson and 7up, which is typical for a giant radio station, and music! The following songs that I scratched tonight were as follows: "Call Me" (Blondie), "Off the Wall" (Michael Jackson), and "Ride Like the Wind" (Christopher Cross). And that station surely reminds me of Dr. Johnny Fever!

Also on the radio tonight was a hockey matchup between the Philadelphia Flyers and Washington Capitals. I would have loved to see the Caps make the playoffs this year, just to feel what is like to be in them--and I guess that's the best way to overcome a painful 8-67-5 start in their first season (1974-75). The goaltenders: Wayne Stephenson, a former Flyer, starting it out for the Capitals, and Pete Peeters, sparkling rookie leading it off for the Flyers. And the Caps still had their work cut out, because they needed three or four points to make the post-season lineup of 16 teams!

My Capitals led 1-0 at the end of the first period (that's what the score already was when this game was to get my attention), and during the first 15-minute break, radio station WIOD would rather go with its sports talk show instead of Flyer phone, something that I never heard of! I guess Flyer phone in Philadelphia is like Dodger talk in Los Angeles, where they both talk about their respective teams.

By that time, though, we started to leave the place, and after Grandma and I got down the elevator--to the wrong backway--we easily thought that we'd be out of here in five minutes. Wrong. My parents were also starting their way down--or in this case, just Dad--he was looking for us, and finally, about 15 minutes later, we were ready, even though there was something Daddy and I couldn't see eye-to-eye on. I was considering turning on WABC to listen to Billy Joel's "You May be Right," which I did, but couldn't hear much else.

Ten minutes later, Grandma and I were back in the hotel for good tonight, and I put the Capitals-Flyers game back on again. The Caps were now ahead 2-0 in the second period, and at this pace, it would be their first-ever

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win over the Flyers. But Pat Quinn's "Broad Streeters," who earlier this year went 35 games in a row without losing any for a new NHL record, came right back. They made the score 2-1 and later 2-2, and that was the score at the end of the second period. By now, I took my shower and shave while listening to the Flyers tying up the score. Philly scored two more times in the third stanza, and they went on to defeat the Caps by the final score of 4-2, and Washington's playoff hopes don't seem to have any left.

But I didn't lose out on WABC: I listened to it for a few more minutes during my puzzles, then fould WJR (760) in Detroit, and also the station from Atlanta (WSB 750). Don't worry, Loni, I'm not trying to embarrass you once, but I know that you always enjoy life this way.

And now, it was betty-bye again--I really didn't watch any more TV tonight.

April 4, 1980--Miami

Today is Friday, my favorite day! Did you realize that one week ago today I was still in the Goodwill office, cleaning up after myself all day to say good-bye to everyone and then come down here? In a few more days, I will be back home in California starting to look for a job of any kind, as long as I don't get up at 5:00 in the morning again. Heck, I even saw an advertisement sign that reads: "Fly National. We're #1 to California." That was the airline I originally wanted to fly home on, because of its merger with Pan Am. When my father was coming here this morning, there was serious consideration that we would fly home tomorrow instead of Sunday, so that Dad could get some sleep at home. But my stay at Miami has been so successful, I asked permission to stay tomorrow all day as well so that we could fly home on Sunday, and he said, "Sure, Marty. We'll stay here on Saturday and fly home the next day. And we'll do that just for you." Yippee!

Again, I watched "The Flintstones" on Channel 6 for the last time, and there was the Hum-Along with Herman secne (no Betty Rubble lines in this eppy), and as always, the best part was Flintstone yelling, "Runaway tub!" He later made comments on the idea of a transistor radio which would be perfect for the tub. One officer saw that act, so he was going after Fast Freddy. But he couldn't stop (Fred, that is) his crazy bathtub, so it accidentally went into the supermarket, and Fred, after zooming all over the store, yelled, "The name's Flintstone! Put it on my bill!" The lady cashier: "You forgot your trading stamps!" Wilma: "Fred!" Fatso Fred: "Don't worry, Wilma! I just bought a supply of groceries for the whole year!" Then came the part where Fred sticked out his tongue to pretend that he wasn't caught for speeding without a license, and the officer said, "Boy, what a dummy!" Before all that jazz happened, there was his old pal, Barney Rubble, singing in the shower to audition for this Humalong With Herman Contest. Many times Fred told Barney to stay out of his house, because he "couldn't stand his singing." Eventually, the boys sang on television just when it appeared that Wilma and Betty would spend the entire hour without seeing them. Oh yes, I loved the part where she sang a quick lullaby to Pebbles before she came into her living room to watch her husband perform on television. That's show business for you.

I took a gamble this morning shortly after the Flintstones was over (you

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know what's on--Duck Duck Goose--and this lady named Janet showed off her pretty legs!) by showering, and immediately we went downstairs to eat breakfast, and as expected, we saw Ed and Jennifer. We told the waitress that there were two days left on our road trip, and it still looked like it was never going to end at all.

I believed that today's article in the Miami Herald was on the Boston Red Sox, but since we can't go back to exactly the way it was again, I really could not remember. Anyway, they said that if Don Zimmer could not get a team that can finish in first place this year, it looks like he'll be replaced by someone else. We always did the same thing that "Nobody replaces so-and-so," and used that habit quite a lot.

And the gamble paid off after breakfast--we went back to our room at around 8:57, so we would see the entire program of "One Day at a Time!" We did just that. But, unlike the other four episodes, this one was really special.

Here's what happened in this show: First of all, when I saw Bonnie picking up that suitcase, I felt my heart beating, for that was to be one of the shows in its rookie season, 1975-76. This one was a 1976 episode. There were so many parts that I fell in love with, and here they are: Julie and Barbara Cooper getting confused over whose clothes they belong to as Barbara was getting a suitcase out and made plans to move in with her father, Ed. She was so depressed about the divorce between Ann, her mother, and Ed, she started to pack some clothes up. But Julie put them away, and the fracas started, and finally Barb said, "Julie, why do you keep putting my clothes back?" Julie answered, "Because you're packing the wrong clothes, kiddo! These are my clothes, and you're not going anywhere!" Little Miss Cooper also made a crackup remark about Donny Osmond. For that part, I had the strangest feeling in the world, saying to myself, "Hmmm, didn't I see this part before? It couldn't have been in any of the episodes during the 1979-80 season, because Mackenzie got fired."

Then I remembered something. A few weeks ago, CBS decided that they would televise a special one-hour segment on "One Day at a Time," where when Juile Cooper came back after a long stay in Houston, she, Barbara, and Ann were all around with Dwayne Schneider to talk about what happened in the old days. The above-mentioned little collision between Julie, Barbara, and the suitcase was one of them. So that's where part of it came from. And I also remembered what Valerie Bertinelli was wearing on that particular show: A medium blue dress with coffee pantyhose and tan high heels, and she really looked like a 15-year-old!

The second half was oohlala! It was time for the game of charades, and to add to the fun, Bonnie was playing with her high heels kicked off, and you know that gets my attention--to see pretty toes! And that was also successful, because she never had so much fun since her divorce from Ed! Bon was careful not to scratch herself, too!

Then came the Joannie image for both Julie and Barbara, and the girls cried, "Ooooooh, Mom! Do we have to go to bed now?" Barefooted Bonnie exclaimed, "Yes, girls! It's 10 minutes after 11 already, and you have school tomorrow!" And then came the bombshell part: Julie said, "Barbara, playing games such as charades does not really get people back together!" The younger sister though that it would help, but if all they relied on was charades,

Ann and Ed wouldn't have gone anywhere. As far as I was concerned, I was also considering not to buy any more games for the house. I started to get the feeling of what would happen if Vonda showed up at my house, what would I do besides flirt with my computer games? Just watch how nervous I get if Vonda prefers computer games or disco music. But it seems that that would be all she would think about in front of me.

Anyway, today's "One Day" episode was indeed the best of the five that I saw here in Miami! And it had such a sweet ending, I later found the original key to this room that we lost earlier this week.

After the show, I started to write to Valerie Bertinelli's nemesis in Long Beach--Nancy Kahakauwila, who gets the savur-tooth tiger picture. Nancy is not as much a TV addict as I am--all she watches on her set is "60 Minutes" and National Geographic Specials.

That program alone led me to a downstairs swim at the pool, where I started to get 1976 on my mind in all ways--who was managing in the major leagues during that time, and so on. Just consider all the places we went to in our big vacation alone: Provo, Utah; Las Vegas, Nev.; Ogallala, Neb.; Chicago; Cheyenne, Wyo.; Hamden, Conn.; New York; DuBois, Pa. (where I first discovered Debralee Scott, but we really best remember that town for getting up at 12:40 in the morning when Dad thought it was 6:00); Lionville, Pa.; Dayton, O. (my father still thinks of the late Uncle Eddie every time we come there); Arkansas; Williams, Ariz. (two girls wanted me to come over to them, and I was really shocked about that); and Amarillo, Texas. I mean, that was really a Bicentennial vacation!

And it was back to being the photo-attic again: one exposure of Grandma sitting by the pool, but I wanted to take it with exposure of young female legs; and another of the Ramada In itself.

Finally, I discovered the radio station's name on my weather band: KHB-34 in Coral Gables, Fla. They told me that it was gonna be another one of those heatwave days, and I still felt that it would be impossible to return to California.

In fact, the weather was so hot, it was already decided that we go to the same beach today as we did yesterday, but without Ben and Bev this time. The latter two were getting ready to go to this nice restaurant called Kelly's Seafood.

And wait 'till you see the most exciting photo I took on this trip! Here I was, standing in line for my food for about 15 to 20 minutes, 'cause everyone's hungry, and to commemorate this successful road stand, I wanted to make it typical by taking a picture of a pretty girl wearing a bikini alone--no high heels! But I also wanted to get a pose of her facing the palm trees.

It wasn't easy while standing in line with parts of the building blocking the way, but finally got the best-looking female on the entire beach--this one with red hair and a brown bikini. After taking that shot, I said to myself, "I can't wait to give a copy of this to Dave Rinehart so that he could use it as a pin-up!"

That was about the only successful point that I had at the beach today.

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Otherwise, it was another picture of Grandma sitting on the bench; and a walk in the water for a few minutes--just to see what it is like with a watch on. No scratches at all!

But the hotel was a real winner--even though we didn't get to the beach until late in the afternoon, around 1:30 or so. Just consider what went on at the hotel: I got scared for a moment as the elevator door opened: the light was going on and off for a second, and in the other elevator, the lights were out again. And Ed had his work cut out for him: could he get the repair service to fix the lights on time? Yes, he eventually helped out in fixing those repair lights again, but it was the maids who caught my attention today!

Maids are supposed to be wearing the complete attire of outfits that are equivalent to registered nurses, but here in this hotel, it didn't quite happen. Consider this: there was one black maid who was running around the place barefooted in a white dress; another walking around in her terry socks alone, and that one happens to be named Dorothy; another who was dressed in the same manner as Dorothy; and one who beat the heat with a tube top and open-aired sandals. All of that jazz must have really sweated those maids up! Still, I enjoyed their outfits and performances very much, and I made my conversation with Dorothy a pleasant one. Of course, I was telling her, "Don't scratch yourself!" Oh, my gosh!

In fact, I loved Dorothy's attire so much, I was considering having her clean up our bedroom in front of me. But Grandma said, "No, Marty, let Dorothy do all that housework by herself. It's best that she do it, because she wants to get paid here."

So I went down the elevator and watched for any more maids who dressed casually, and there just happened to be quite a few of them.

Aside from the maid service, it was time once again to go to Bevy's house, where it was the usual sit-back-and-relax attitude. Or was it? All I really had on my mind before we started our way to Kelly's Seafood was those maids. All Bevy had on her mind was when we would be eating. The answer: at 7:30 p.m. It was 5:30 already, and there was plenty of time to do our shopping.

So we went to another store which seemed pretty interesting to me--it's called "Jeffersons." This particular store is owned by Montgomery Ward, because there were quite a lot of name tags which have the Wards logo on them. But our performance here tonight is much like the carbon copy of yesterday--when we found success at Zayre. Here are the following ingredients that happened here at Jefferson's.

Grandma was looking for the best place to sit (she hates walking around stores), and did so in the jewelry department. Before I started to look for anything to buy, I had already found a barefooted salesgirl who took off her heel slides and get out of the pressure situation. In front of me, my feeling is that she has more success than I do. And there was another pair of high heels all by itself, but the saleslady who owned them switched to jogging shoes--I refer that as a "close call."

Anyway, I started to look for a black jack machine that I wanted to get here in Florida, but instead ran into this astrology computer. I asked this salesman how to operate it, and he told me it was pretty similar to my Zodiac game. The only thing is that there was no set of thoughts as far as astrology is concerned, and it wasn't easy to say "no" to such a computer that cost \$45.00. I found it very interesting, but soon felt tired.

ing of it--and skipped it.

My folks were looking for clothes, and when the dust settled, they got me the best deal in a long time: a brown leather jacket for just \$4.00, and a white safari shirt-jacket for about the same price! I didn't want those clothes because I was afraid they wouldn't fit in our suitcases, but Dad said to me, "You can't miss such a deal like that, kiddo! The two jackets cost a grand total of \$8.00, and in California, they cost much more than that for one jacket alone! So I suggest you try them on in the store, and if you like them, just take them."

I did just that, and so the pattern I made up yesterday of "buy something for yourself and end up with a barefooted salesgirl" worked again. Mom was looking for her dresses as usual, and this saleslady was in her 30's, but was somewhat my type.

After I went to the computer department, in which I had to wait a little while because my parents wanted to buy me those jackets, I picked up a birthday card for Rebecca, and also went to the book section to see if any of my types, such as "Little Darlings," "All That Jazz," or even "10," appeared in the stores. The only book of those three that I believed that showed up as "All That Jazz."

But also in the store was the usual number of sex-symbol posters in the store, and every time we have a surprise party that involves myself, I am afraid of winding up with a Loni or Charlene poster, or even one of Farrah-Fawcett. The closest that I ever got to a sex-symbol poster was on my birthday three years ago. Nancy, my teacher, gave me this tube, and when it was time to open it up, I was afraid that it was to be one of Farrah-Fawcett. Instead, it had a saying that read: "Arise, go forth, and conquer!" Just to speak of it, I do happen to have pinups of Dave Kingman and Donna Summer at home.

Remember when Lonny Keefover quit Goodwill a few weeks ago to take up a vocational job in Santa Ana? On his last dictaphone report given to me, Lonny said, "Goodbye, Marty. Have a nice time here at Goodwill--and I hope you become a shoe salesman!" It just so happens that I already did some number on a lady customer tonight. I was looking for a pair of leather shoes that cost no more than \$10.00, but couldn't seem to find them. Then comes this lady who was buying thongs, and to show you how I got her into not buying them, I told her that I wore thongs to the R. O. P. office a few times, and it turned out that it was painful wearing them! A lot of girls say that, and this lady finally agreed with me--she didn't buy any thongs at all.

In any case, all I really settled for was those two warmup jackets, and it was time to check out of the store. I peeked through next week's edition of TV Guide--particularly to see what Dana Plato is up to at that time. About the same procedures as this week, although we didn't get Dana on our TV set down here in Miami. Whatever happens to her, we'll see it all back in La Habra.

While Dad took his 15 minutes of time, there was that same barefooted salesgirl who came back from her 20-minute break. And there was Grandma again complaining of spending too much money in the store. Except for the very first night that we got here to Miami when we had all that trouble getting used to this town, I really didn't complain of anything as yet!

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And now we drove back to Bevy's house with the thought in mind that I wrapped myself up another day of success--for the fifth time in the last six days. Here we were, waiting for Ben and Bev to come on down and lead us to Kelly's Seafood as I killed time with WABC!

It was around 7:30 p.m. when we arrived at Kelly's. We asked the saleslady on how long it was going to take us to get ourselves seated, and she said, "Sir, you'll have to wait at least 25 minutes before being seated." Already a worse wait for anything since Anderson's Split Pea Soup.

Twenty-five minutes seemed like plenty, and since I was considering seeing a movie down here, while Dad said, "No, Marty, wait 'till we get back to California," it looked like there was going to be ample time to catch "Little Darlings."

And why not? When I eventually saw this particular movie back home, this one turns out to show the usual faces of Kristy McNichol (Family) and Tatum O'Neal (Paper Moon), but also invited turned out to me in my own words, "the entire population of Williams, Ariz." There must have been at least 647 girls in that movie alone.

Anybody want to know what happened to me in Williams, Ariz.? Here it is. My father stopped by at a gas station somewhere in Williams, but he couldn't make his mind up where. He first chose Mobil, then Standard, and perhaps Arco. Finally, he decided for Standard, and when we was through with the gas, we stopped by at the A & W root beer stand across the way. And it looked like I was going to simply make my order and go. Wrong! There were two girls sitting in the back of the counter calling for me to come over to them, and I was stunned! I never would imagine having two unknown ladies (maybe not Valerie Bertinelli and Loni Anderson) thinking that I was Fonzie or their boyfriend or whatever. And I said to myself, "Oh my gosh! It looks like this vacation's gonna end on a sweet note for me!"

Getting back to "Little Darlings," I did not see the movie down here because it was crowded there, too, and it cost \$3.75 to see what Williams is like here. Also I killed time walking around all the stores, which included Boston Store, while waiting for my folks to get seats. I even noticed that it was around 8:30 p.m. when we finally got seats for Kelly's Seafood, and to do so, I had to survive the following ingredients: "Little Darlings," which I could not see, a bunch of stores that were already closed, a license plate from South Carolina, the 45-minute wait to get seated, and about six girls of my type wearing heel slides alone. Also I was looking at my calendar which I got in La Habra, and there I was, the feeling that hardly anybody in Miami besides us ever heard of something like Brookhurst St. or Ball Road.

And now it's time to eat dinner--at 8:30 p.m.! The lovely waitress put us in a booth that seated 12 people, and we started to make orders. And here was Randy telling me that whenever we went to a restaurant--he said that I always had french fries on my mind. That's correct! I used to order french fried potatoes with every meal except breakfast, and when I started to discover females, I soon got the feeling that eating french fries in front of girls can be painful! I was afraid they would say, "No, Marty, you can't eat any french fries because they are fattening!" The only one who could say a thing like that to me is Vonda.

I didn't order any french fried potatoes tonight; instead, I tried out on the fried shrimp and discovered that the waitress's name was Pamela. She was dressed in a green top, blue jeans, and white tennis shoes. A boring

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type of outfit as far as I'm concerned! More important than the "boring" outfit, I believe that Pam was a very nice girl, and she reminds me somewhat of Teresa, Maureen, and Vonda. Or maybe Laura Meyer, the waitress we met in the middle of the road in Idaho two years ago.

The salad bar got my attention, too. In it were mini-sized ears of corn, garbanzo beans, and many other delights! One of them other than salad was a cashier who was killing time at the keyboard in her stocking feet! That's life for a salesgirl, you know! Maybe that's why we picked the right time to eat dinner: instead of an exhibition game between the Yankees and Orioles, we end up with seafood and a barefooted cashier!

Oh, well, I think that it was enjoyable here tonight for the entire day, with the Jefferson's coming out on top, where after we left that store, some idiot was speeding at 75-80 miles per hour, and Dad hated those things.

With "Working My Way Back to You" on WABC, Grandma and I were dispatched back to the hotel, where we finally called it a night. But Randy was also with us, and he was to be going back to New York tomorrow, and so we told him to meet him back there. Never mind Sue the receptionist, we are so doggone tired, I'm dying to get back home to California and sleep in my comfortable bed. And so we showed him all the ingredients of the hotel, and who knows, maybe he had on his mind what happened the first night here. I wished that he would stay here in Miami until Sunday morning, when we start to head west.

What did I do the rest of the night? Naturally, I turned on the game which faced Philadelphia 76ers and Washington Bullets, and if the Bullets could not win tonight, that's it as far as their season goes. I also started and completed the Bible Crossword puzzle, which is about the only time you can do Bible crosswords, because we don't have a Bible around the house.

The Bullets, even if their mind wasn't on Florida, were losing by 20 points, but sooner or later came to within four, and it seemed like they were going to win this game tonight. Eventually they lost the game, and also their season. But for Dick Motta and his troops, it was a close call all the way, particularly because they won the NBA championship two seasons ago. I did my usual shower-and-shave number and that was it for the night.

April 5, 1980--Miami/Hallendale, FL

Actually, you can call this two days in one, whereas the first half of the day is for me, and the second half, for my old folks. When this day is over, it means the end of a long stay in Miami, and even if we didn't come via "The Price is Right," I still would believe that this was the best trip I've had since the 1976 journey.

Obviously, since this is a Saturday, I wouldn't be seeing such programs as "The Flintstones," "Duck Duck Goose" or even "One Day at a Time." Nor would I be going downstairs to see Ed or Jennifer today. This is the weekend, and weekends were made for relaxation, girls, and the painful stereo we have around the house. Because just about every weekend, Mom puts on "The Mills Bros." tape, and I start to feel jealousy in my head.

When I took my morning shower and heard WGBS, my mind was on going to Dela-

ware, because I always heard that it's a beautiful portion of the country to see. Who knows, if we go to the Diamond State, the first thing I would get on my mind besides Valerie Bertinelli is Rehoboth Beach. If you go to Rehoboth, you would just think that it's another California beach, and you would really get a suntan.

So what were our plans for this last day of the road trip? We decided to go to the Dadeland Shopping Center for one last hurrah, particularly for me. Besides taking the shower and reading the morning paper, where today's article was on the California Angels and so on, there was really nothing much interesting that was left. Still I had the feeling that we had just came to Miami a few minutes ago.

And, for the first half of this day, I got to make the decision on where we would eat today, and I chose: Burger King! That's because Burger King is the hometown favorite in all of Miami, and I wanted to know what it was like to be eating down here. The temperature was well into the 90's, and it seems like we were going to the beach again. But Dad said, "No, Marty, the beach is not on my mind this time; we will go to the Dadeland Center and eat at Burger King, and then we'll do some shopping for the last time on this road trip, 'cause we're flying home tomorrow."

So into Burger King we went, and I tried one of their chicken sandwiches, and it tasted delicious. I also ordered fries and a coke, and my father had a burger--as usual. Nice-looking cashiers, too! Yet not one of them was really my type, except for this cashier named Pam, and reminds me of Teresa.

After lunch came my favorite section, again for the last time, window shopping! Dad told us to meet him at 12:30 around Burdine's. It was around noon time, and so I would finally get to buy that Black Jack game I wanted for the last month. But before I got to Radio Shack, I ran into--you guessed it!--a barefooted salesgirl (she was actually wearing pantyhose showing red toenail polish) selling men's cologne. I was going to buy cologne from her almost, but the prices killed me. I must have felt that the salesgirl got so tired of wearing her cliffhangers and was in dire need of a break, so that happened.

Also I found out that there were so many representatives of quite a lot of different airlines, and so I got brochures of Delta, Continental, and whatever they had available (Europe and Australia as well). I had to get a red-and-blue totebag from Delta Airlines so I could pack all my ingredients in them, and there were no other female employees who considered taking breaks.

Finally, I came to Radio Shack, and there was the thing I was looking for--my Black Jack game! I bought it for \$20.00, and it seemed very much like a good deal to me. In fact, I met a salesman that was to be Vonda's type, and I asked him if he watched the UCLA-Louisville basketball game on television. He didn't. Anyway, the important thing was that I got my very own blackjack game, and I was obviously so happy with it, I could play with that machine forever!

So, for the third straight day, I did it again! I buy something, and one of the salesgirls kicks her shoes off, although it wasn't in the same store this time. I guess that's how I got the nickname of "Foot Fetish." I'll

tell you this: that's what I really call shopping! And to make it sweet, when time ran out, the same salesgirl who kicked off her shoes about a half-hour earlier did so again, and there's nothing painful about that! Oh, well, that's how much enjoyment I get out of shopping--when you get the feeling that these girls give you a hard time at buying anything you want.

In other news, Mother went to the women's fashion store with Grandma somewhere, and they got so lost, Dad and I were chasing after them. It was 20 minutes to one when we finally found them, and with "Love Child" played in the background at the local deli, we finally said goodbye to the Dadeland Mall and headed off to Benny's condo.

On the way to the condo, I heard a new song on the radio, as I always do every other week. It's called "Pilot of the Airwaves," and the singer's name is Charley Dore (a female), and she sings about discjockeys who perform on radio shows. Maybe she's a Loni Anderson fan herself.

And there's Bevy, who was dressed in tank top and shorts alone, sitting right by the gamesroom, which was to get my attention. She was talking with Mom about Florida--obviously, and Dad was learning how to play with my new blackjack game. Before all this jazz happened, we went to the condo, and while Ben and Bev were getting ready to go downstairs, I sang "Pilot of the Airwaves," and put Laurel Best's name in the lyrics.

Now that we have arrived downstairs, I watched Dad and Bev play pool, in which my father told me that he hadn't played pool in 30 years. I was thinking of the time that I played pool during my breaks at Goodwill. But all three of us had our chance, and we enjoyed it. Benny asked me if I wanted to play air hockey, but I said, "No, thank you."

And next to the gamesroom was the good ol' vending machine, but I was not thirsty, either. So all I could do was sit down by Beverly, and she and I did a lot of jabbering about this trip. I said that if all went well, we could come down here again next December. Otherwise, it was blackjack jazz for the rest of the visit at the condo.

And now it was time to come back to the hotel, where I was expecting Dorothy to show up in her same style of outfit as yesterday (which is terry socks alone). When she came out, I said to myself, "Yep," referring to her outfit. She and I had another period of sweet talk, and when she finally left the place for the weekend, I took a picture of her, along with another friend of hers who also works at the same hotel. Dorothy, as she would know, asked, "Is this your last day here in Miami, Marty?" I said, "It sure is, Dorothy. We've enjoyed it here this week and found out that you are a very nice person to talk to. If we can come down here again soon, maybe we'll run into you one more time."

And being that we would do no more shopping on this trip, it must always be a nice thing for myself to put barefooted salesgirls/maids ahead of items that I bought for myself. Besides Teresa. Dorothy was taking along with her a couple of balloons she must have bought at an amusement park.

Speaking of the hotel, Dad ordered us to start packing up anything that we weren't going to be using on this trip anymore, so that we could get a good start on our way back home tomorrow. So that means that just about every one of my clothes, including the ones we could not use because of

HOW MIAMI BECAME A SUCCESSFUL VACATION (continued)

this heat, had to be put away until we reach California again.

The sweet times with Dorothy was about to be the last enjoyable moments for me here in Miami. Next stop: Aunt Rosie's place over in Hallandale. But before anything like this could happen, consider what I did in-between: I was watching this 19-year-old female diver who survived cold Colorado and wore only her bathing suit as she happens to be a successful swimmer. She must dive something like 50 feet from the highest ladder and into the water. With all that practice she took, she must not be afraid of heights at all. It was very interesting to watch her performances on TV--she must get up at 5:00 a.m. to get ready for practice (I'm never getting up at 5:00 a.m. to go to work again!), watches her diet, and keeps on working until it's 9:00 p.m.! That means, if she keeps up the work schedule over in Colorado, she will have long missed such shows as "Three's Company" and "Mork and Mindy." Maybe she cares less for those shows, but definitely more for her diving talents. And that's what stopped me for a while from playing blackjack.

Ah yes, black jack. I didn't know that there was such a thing as a split in this particular game, but I shortly thereafter knew how that works. All you have to do is when you get two cards together of the same kind, you can push the split button and try for another card. After that you are faced with a second hand, and if you can beat the dealer twice in succession without being tied or going over, you win double the amount that you have bet. There is also a rule about an insurance card, where if the first card is an ace, and if you push the insurance button and you win, you do so, but get only half the bet.

In the same hotel room, I wrote my comments about this hotel and found it a comfortable one, and I suggested that they add a gift shop to the lobby, 'cause you'll never know who's gonna sleep over! I told them to write soon, but have not heard a word from the hotel since.

Dorothy now said goodbye and we were now on our way to Hallandale, for which I can now call the second half of the day.

If there is anything that was so memorable in the second half of this day, forget it. We started it all by traveling the 30 or so miles and passing by such places as the Tamiami airport (combined for both Tampa Bay and Miami) and many other unheard-of places (including Miami Expo Convention Center). My dad stopped at a local supermarket when we arrived in Hallandale, and there were a couple of young girls waiting in a station wagon to ask us a few interesting questions, in which I don't really remember.

In fifteen minutes, we came to Hallandale, where we rang the buzzer to indicate that we wanted upstairs. Whom were we going to run into? Simple. Aunt Rosie and nine other friends of theirs. Oh, yes. There was talk of seeing Francine and Debbie again, in which I expected just about the same performances as it was at the Sader on Monday.

As soon as we came in and out of the slow-moving elevator, I was greeted by Rosie, but there were really wasn't anything much else to cheer about in this place. I thought that we would see them for about 15 minutes, then see Francine and Debbie, both of whom make their home in New Jersey!

Wrong. Instead of those two sweet girls, we still had company that is not

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my type, and I had to settle for the Joannie image, knowing that a group of folks in their 50's and 60's would be too much for me. Worse yet, I didn't bring my radio or blackjack game, in which I would have otherwise brightened myself up a bit. And that hurt me so much.

I tried quite a lot of tricks that night just to get out of what I call "a nightmare apartment"--no blondes to talk to, etc. I checked at least 15 times to see if anybody else was getting in and out of the elevator. Nope. I tried going outside eight or nine times if anybody was coming out of their apartments to do something--anything just to get out of their houses. Nope. I asked Rosie eighteen times when we were going to leave this place. But all she said was things like, "Relax, Marty, you'll be out of here as soon as possible," and "I don't know when you guys are leaving." Asking her about if we would see Francine or Debbie, Rosie said, "Don't worry, Marty. If you guys can leave pretty soon, maybe you'll see those pretty girls. I really can't promise you Francine and Debbie, but at least we can sure try."

What happened was that we gave Muriel and Howie a call, and they told us that Debbie was too busy baby-sitting her kids tonight, and it looks like Francine is out on the town tonight, but I assume that she would never forget how sweet I was to her at the Sader. And so I now was just dying to get out of the place, period. And back to the hotel, too, where pretty maids are waiting at the door.

Not even eating two portions of rice and kasha helped, either. In fact, it just made things worse and it seemed that we would be trapped here in Florida for at least another week. Of course, I'd rather be trapped by Francine. And if you think that things are worse, just consider this: I ended up watching back-to-back shows of "Family Feud," and to watch two episodes of a show, even if it is "One Day at a Time," is painful! About the only things I could do was a crossword puzzle, and it wasn't even my own that I was doing.

At least I got to see the twinkling lights of Hallandale, where they show a Holiday Inn hotel on one side, a Verrazano Bridge on another, and the latter caught my attention! If Vonda and I were on one of those ships that crossed the bridge and forced the gates to make a buzz-and-ding sound while the ships wanted to clear the way (they even opened up the bridges to do the same manner), life would be really something, and it would seem impossible to forget. It's a beautiful section to be in, providing that you have things your way sometimes.

The only thing that really went my way here tonight was when they wanted me to come out and show the old folks how to disco-dance, and I thought of Claudette's party! Tell you this: if we traded in those folks for the entire disco staff of Claudette, I would feel so much comfortable in this apartment.

After hearing a commercial about seeing the Ft. Lauderdale Strikers soccer team to open their home season against the Toronto Blizzard, and I'm not a soccer fetish, I tuned in WIOD and heard the soccer game for the first time ever. I rooted for Toronto just to see if they can cheer me up. In fact, I didn't know what the time length of a soccer game is, and since I heard it for the first time, I guess it must have been pretty scary to know. It was pretty scarier for the Toronto club, as Ft. Lauderdale, who

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lost a 1-0 decision to Memphis in that Tennessee city last weekend, scored a 2-0 shutout. If that's right, I guess they play 45 minutes of soccer per half. Soccer is so new to me, I happen to have no idea about any of the players or teams that are in the North American Soccer League. The only one I really heard of is Pele.

On my camera, I wanted to take no more than three pictures just in case we did have time to see Francine and Debbie. I kept it at a low number, but the sweethearts would never be. So I promised that we should invite them out to California, where we would be headed for less than twelve hours from now.

After two more television shows that really didn't give me much success (ABC's Wide World of Sports bounced out, too), I turned on "The Love Boat" to see Lauren Tewes do her thing, as well as this 11-year-old young lady (Jill Whelan) that I really don't know much of. Guess what? After 15 minutes, I finally got the good news. We would be leaving this place very shortly, just to say goodbye to them, and after three hours of pacing back and forth in the house, I finally got excited about the hotel! So, after it appeared that we would stay forever, we left at about 9:15, and I managed to put my seven hours with Francine and Debbie ahead of my parents' four hours with Rosie and company. It was just too much for me to handle.

Getting back to the good life, we passed by all those signs heading to Tami-ami (and I've never heard of it when we came down here), and later on saw the Miami International Airport, our site for tomorrow. There were signs that involved Eastern Airlines and National Airlines, and we were looking forward to tomorrow. As far as I'm concerned, I hated to leave this city, because just about everything came my way. Consider all the positive notes that were to be: a whole bunch of barefooted salesgirls, my new blackjack game, eating at Burger King and Arthur Treacher's, going to department stores called Zayre and Jefferson's, taking so many pictures of nice people on this trip, getting one of the salesgirls to call me by name, as well as watching "One Day at a Time" down here, getting my chances to go swimming, buying those clothes for myself, but best of all, it was Francine and Debbie that was ahead of everything else!

And so it is my folks who have their work cut out when we leave tomorrow. Heck, I asked Dad while hearing WABC whatever happened to Hoffman Soda, and he told me that that company went out of business a few years ago. I was sorry to hear that, but I always loved that Hoffman jingle of "The Prettiest Girl I Ever Saw," and I would dedicate that tune to Loni Anderson.

While flirting with my new blackjack game, I knew that I was going to have my work cut out in the hotel. So when we returned, and we saw a place called the Richards Mall, as well as a mortuary, it was time for sleep. But it took us quite a while to get back to the hotel, for Dad was unable to find his way around here. He asked a few drivers how to get to Kendall Road, and he eventually found it.

And in the hotel, with Sue greeting us, we went upstairs for the last time, because this will conclude our week's stay here in the Ramada Inn. While in bed, I listened to portions of the Islanders-Flyers hockey game, and since the New Yorkers won that game, they still didn't know whom to face: Pittsburgh, L. A., or Toronto. They were to face the L. A. Kings, and beat them subsequently three times out of four. And, as everyone knows, they went on to win their first-ever Stanley Cup.

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I had my own feeling in Hallandale that I was in the same manner as was the Washington Capitals, who played the Pittsburgh Penguins in the Steel City on a Saturday night a few years ago. In that game, Pittsburgh had already scored twelve goals before the Capitals even put on their skates. The final score of that game was 12-1, Pittsburgh, and the Caps were out-shot by a whopping 65-19. And the Capitals still hadn't won a road game at that time. That's the mood I felt on the seventh floor tonight.

April 6, 1980--Miami, FL/Los Angeles/La Habra, CA

We got the wakeup call at about 5:30 this morning, and I was still half-asleep when the telephone scared me. I was playing with blackjack in the middle of the night as well, because I already fell in love with it.

The wakeup call sounded for a quick shower and shave number, playing the radio very quietly so as not to disturb others, and when that ended, there was a question mark on where to put the radio. I said that we would pack up as much as we could in my valice, but Dad was considering to carry the radio into the Fuji bag and onto the plane, but as I said, don't play it when the plane is flying!

Eventually, I put the radio in my valice and took care of all other business, such as checking to see that we left absolutely nothing of our property (one time we left our blow dryer at Alan & Shirley's when we went to Chicago), and we had everything.

At 6:00 a.m., we went down the elevator, and ran into a desk clerk named Virginia. Ginny wore an outfit that was usually worn in the 1960's, particularly if I had those closed-toe shoes on my mind. We gave her both keys to the room so that she could put them on hold for the next customer, and just like that, our vacation trip has ended.

Almost. Shortly after we left the hotel, and it so happened at my favorite time of the morning: when the sun is about to get up, we went to Budget's to turn in our Ford Granda. But this time, we made it look easier by putting all of our valices in the trunk, instead of having to shove them all over our laps when we got here.

It was around a quarter to seven when we arrived at Budget's, and as is the normal case on a Sunday morning, there wasn't anyone in the office that I had met before, not even the salesgirl with the painful ankle. The Avon book wasn't around, either. It was just a simple routine of giving them back the keys and that's it for the Granada for quite a while.

We got into the Budget van and drove a good 15 to 20 minutes to the airport. There already was another couple inside the van, and they decided to get off at Eastern Airlines. Of course, we wanted off at Pan Am Airlines. We passed by some nice-looking places, some of them involving business industries and Cubans and who knows what.

When we arrived at Pan Am, we thanked the man for the nice ride, and we took our baggage to the airport, which was ready to go back to Los Angeles. And that was to be the last we would see of Miami, particularly for the last hour before we got on the plane.

Consider what happened to me during the time that we waited for Window Seat

#54: I went into 40 different gift shops, and all I was trying to look for was postcards to send to Dave Rinehart of Goodwill. The best one I could find for him was a picture of a female dressed in a bikini, telling all of Florida, "I've got sand in my shoes!" Dave would really be "oh-my-goshing" about that, but I didn't get this or any more photos of anything. And as my folks know, that's my type of female!

About the only other things that I happened to see were radios, tape recorders, dresses, calculators, painful toys that I'm afraid Vonda would embarrass me about if she sees me with them, and a bunch of magazines. What I was going for was another one of those crossword puzzle magazines to use on the plane, but I just said, "Forget it." And I also would forget spending another gift worth \$60.00 to \$70.00, because that would be painful.

As Dad and I went up the escalator, we were talking about who would win the National League West this year, and as I already mentioned, Houston Astros. Even if they don't hit too many home runs in one season, and thinking that Nolan Ryan would go the same pace as he did with the Angels. And speaking of the American League West champs, I told him that we would be there on opening night this coming Friday.

With 45 minutes left to go before we landed on the plane, I started to pace back and forth again, in my usual nervous manner. I was wondering what life was going to be for me tomorrow. Anyway, I did make a little fun with myself, talking to kids here and there, watching the planes come and go, and playing with my blackjack game.

The plane that we were taking today was Pan Am's Clipper Storm King, and it was silly to mention that if there was a storm anywhere between here and L. A., that plane would fall to pieces. Not so. In fact, Dad said to me, "Listen, Marty. Before the planes take off, they load gallons and gallons of fuel until the tank is filled up, and as a result, they would never run out of gas in the middle of the sky." Even Goddess Dana had somewhat thought of it the same way. She said, "Didn't I tell you there was nothing to be afraid of, Marty? All we'll run into is the turbulence thing again, and it's over with. I enjoy planes more often than Gary (Coleman) and Todd (Bridges) combined."

After those painful long lines, we finally got on the plane, with the announcement that it was going to be leaving on time--just about so. We got on at just before 8:45, and I ended up at Window Seat #54, with my folks close by. The stewardesses were briefly showing us on what happened if something went wrong with the plane, and I loved that part. When the plane took off, I soon discovered that it wasn't so fearful after all. It was, as Goddess Dana said, quite a lot of fun. I only wished that we could fly all the time.

And the plane was loaded with magazines: they had U. S. News and World Report, People, and Sports Illustrated, where on the front cover was a photo of that UCLA-Louisville game. I liked the way they made all those choices so that whomever reads about business, they read about business, and whomever is interested in sports, such as me, reads about sports, etc.

Oh, yes. The stuff we packed in our briefcase were those funny books, some of the gifts we picked up while in Miami, and the computer games. As expected, I played with the blackjack game for most of the time. When the plane

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was just making its move to a capacity of 30,000 feet in the air, the Pan Am theme song was played over the loudspeaker, and I was making my own kind of tune to that song, thinking of those TV actresses.

Next stop was Los Angeles, but I had plenty of time to get there, and wouldn't it be nice to come back to Miami again someday? Well, we were not going to start this whole thing over again right away.

So many crazy things have happened to me on this plane. First of all, we ate our morning breakfast which consisted of sausages, orange juice, and eggs. It was the best breakfast I have ever had on the plane. Second, I was so relaxed in the back area that I was leaning too hard, and I accidentally leaned on the call button, which meant that you were to ask the stewardess for something. She was aware of that, and every time she passed by, I gave her answers such as "I didn't know that," "I'm sorry," and "I keep leaning on this dumb thing." If Nancy was on this plane, she must have really thought that I wanted a sweet conversation with the stewardess, and then get down her address and phone number, etc. Third, when the movies were showing, they had "Going in Style" in front of us and "10" way in front of us. And if you think that wasn't bad enough for my parents, the movie "Going in Style" was having so much trouble, it took the movie 20 tries before it could finally work for good. My movie, "10," which I had already seen before, didn't have one problem at all, although I tried to get in line and stand for it. And when you see "10," you would get the feeling that this G-rated movie starring Bo Derek is actually an X-rated film. What a stunning movie that is!

I finally got my taste of experience on the head sets by listening to "The Electric Company" TV songs, including "Jelly Belly." And to make Vonda's day, there was the channel for disco music, with sensational Donna Summer performing the lyrics "On the Radio." I saw my \$3.00 go and come.

In the sports department, I read the following articles in Sports Illustrated: Kareem Abdul-Jabbar and his success with the Lakers, Tracy Austin, who is quoted as the "new Avon lady calling," the Louisville-UCLA contest which had one of the Louisville players having to play with an almost-missing artificial thumb, and about Chicago's Black Hawks drawing fans at home again since the departure of Bobby Hull. Mom was aware of the Avon joke concerning Tracy Austin, whom is what I would sometimes refer Teresa to as. Oh yes, I also read about how bad the situation has been as President Carter recently made his request that all U. S. athletes would boycott the Summer Games in Moscow because of the constant problems in Afghanistan.

Besides the sports section, I focused my eyes on the blackjack game, and also on Rebecca's new crossword puzzle book, all during the time that Dad and Mom suffered through the George Burns movie, "Going in Style."

I still thought that it would have been more fun if we left the Miami airport at 12:45 p.m., so that we really would have got ready to go home, but I guess this turned out to be a pretty good deal, anyway!

We passed by the states of Florida, Georgia, Louisiana (where I had Ella St. Andre, who comes from Bayouland, on my mind), Mississippi, Texas, New Mexico, Arizona before coming back here to California. You should have seen how pretty those baseball diamonds from 30,000 feet were! In any case,

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we passed by Palm Springs, where the Angels get in shape every March to prepare for their baseball season, before arriving in Los Angeles at around 11:15 a.m. I started to cry a bit, saying to myself, "We're not in Miami anymore!"

If you think that L. A. is worse than Miami, you're so right. We were greeted by hundreds of California fans around the airport, not necessarily Charlene Tilton or Robert Redford, but it was quite a turnout at the airport. There were signs reading out "Welcome Home, so-and-so!" I'll tell you this, I've never been mobbed like this before!

We all went crazy when we came to the baggage terminal, because it took us almost half-an-hour to get our bags, and in doing so, I had to help a few customers with their luggage, and also Dad had been involved in this type of hard work. But it was worth it, and in this particular section, I enjoyed it.

After we left the airport terminal, it was time to get on the shuttle bus, which came every ten minutes, and would you believe that there were nuns on this bus? And since I love talking to lady passengers who complain about the heat themselves, I talked to one of the nuns about Florida, and about the bikinis, etc. But Mom said, "Marty, come on now. These nuns don't really care about bikinis or Bo Derek or barefooted salesgirls or anything like that!" I didn't know that. And so I thought of that show, "Angie," whose cast of characters were on a Family Feud special recently, and I had just missed it because we came to Miami about a half-hour too late. In one of the "Angie" shows, Debralee Scott wanted to become a nun, and when this happening came up, I said, "Ah, let's forget about Debralee! She's not my type!" So I'll never forget that little incident with Mom on the shuttle bus. Subsequently, about 20 minutes later, we found our station wagon and started to drive off into Orange County one more time.

We had to make a decision on which freeway we were to take home after Dad paid the man his \$5.00 for parking. Were we going to take the 91 Freeway or San Diego Freeway? Answer: the 91.

So we passed by such sights as Entex Electronics (where they make my Poker game), Mattel Toys, Datsun, Pepsi-Cola, Knott's Berry Farm, plus many of the famous places we run into here in Southern California.

Once we got off the freeway, we returned to Harbor Blvd. for the first time in a week, and we saw the famous sights down that busy street. I even saw a Route #47 going to the Fullerton Park-N-Ride. It's always crowded, not just for Disneyland alone.

When we came back to the house, all of us felt so tired from the road trip, we even considered going to sleep for the night. Not really. I turned on the Portland-Seattle playoff basketball game, read an article in the L. A. Times on why the Kings blew another hockey game (Vancouver won this one, 5-3), and my usual act of the TV Times. Dad was doing his usual thing, along with me, on making our lunch so as we can put our painful bones to rest.

But not for long. We phoned Bobby and ended up with a surprise a few minutes later. Joe Pelez stopped by and there was Mommy, running like a nut, yelling, "Joe!" I tried to tell Mom to calm down, but she couldn't. All I was doing

was dying to go to sleep for the night so that I could get the entire trip on my mind, Francine included.

Bobby also came along with the kids, and the first thing I did was give Sammy his birthday decoration toy to play with. Joshy got his tinkertoys, and Mom and Dad gave them their new T-shirts. Joe was cracking up on what happened to us, and he also said that he would be staying around California for this coming week, too!

Ruthie came over the house as well, and she was delighted to see us again, with Miami suntan all over us! I took a few pictures of the family and that was for total sure the end of Florida--for quite a while. And as far as tomorrow is concerned, I will start my way to job hunting, just to see if anyone wants to hire me. As a matter of fact, we all have our work cut out tomorrow: Dad has to go back to Shamrock, Mom has to struggle her way on making money with her Avon orders, and me have to call Doro, Deborah Graham, plus many other of my references that I put down on my application list. And if all goes well, maybe we'll all do it again in December, when once again, we would have the chance of flying down to Miami! And if we do, one of my ambitions is to see the Orange Bowl game down there--in person! And the first stop would be in New Jersey--just to see what's happening with Francine and Debbie.

One good omen did happen down in Miami when it came to the boob tube: the never-boring series of "One Day at a Time," in which I saw as an afternoon program only once when I was sick with the flu and because I had work with Goodwill, was seen by this person five consecutive mornings in the Miami hotel, and perhaps more if the layoffs continue to happen. "All in the Family" and "M*A*S*H," two of my folks' shows, weren't seen my Mom and Dad down there even once. That just added to my success that I enjoyed in Miami--and I really proved that it is a town that is loaded with beach weather and bikinis!

THE END